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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

The last bulletin from Hatfield leaves small hope that Lord Salisbury can live many hours longer. One had hoped that he might enjoy after his retirement some years of rest devoted to occupations which were always in some sense more congenial to him than politics; and one had hoped for an occasional word from him, full and trenchant, on the events of the day. But he had kept to his post till the limit of his endurance was reached. For a few months afterwards he was still seen from time to time on his tricycle and was unusually active; but in June last he had a serious attack and though he rallied never recovered. The weakness of the heart has grown rapidly in the last day or two; and it is only left to wait the end. We believe that it is by Lord Salisbury's wish that the accounts of his health have been kept as private as may be and restrained. It was ever his command: tolle supervacuos honores.

The fiscal controversy gathers momentum. This week we have the meeting of the Chambers of Commerce in Canada, a Professorial Pronouncement and its rejoinders, letters from Mr. Chamberlain, Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Asquith. The country should be growing fiscally wise by this time. Not that we could say the utterance of the wise men par excellence of political economy will greatly help the public in its reachings to economic light. The professors' manifesto is nothing more than a political broadsheet expressed in the well-worn phrases of the "orthodox" economists. It has often been remarked that abstract thinkers seldom make a brilliant show when they descend into the concrete arena. What a failure was John Stuart Mill in Parliament! It is unfortunate, especially in this country, where, as Mr. Street allows in his delightful letter in Friday's "Times", the intellectual does not count for much. However, very far from all economic thinkers by profession agree with the writers of this unfortunate document. Indeed, all of them except the signatories themselves seem to be hurrying to disavow it.

Clever people will doubtless try to confound Mr. Chamberlain with his own words. Speaking in the House of Commons at the end of May he made a definite promise, which is nearly due. "I will give you a table" he said "from which you can tell for yourself how much extra wages you must get in order to cover the extra cost of living". In answer to a letter this week he says "As regards food there is nothing in the policy of tariff reform which I have put before the country which need increase in the slightest degree the cost of living of any family in the country". It has been assumed that the letter is a new version or a recantation of the first manifesto. It is nothing of the sort. Mr. Chamberlain in that speech expressly said and repeated that he was "taking hypothetical calculations", that he was "assuming for the sake of argument" that the extra duty would fall on the poor. He put the hypothesis and made the assumption for the sake of his fortiori conclusion, that even so the new scheme would show a balance in the poor man's favour: Mr. Chamberlain promised to give more than he took. He has not yet told us to what extent he means to take and to what extent to give. But everyone knows that the recent and lamented shilling duty on corn gave £2,000,000 without taking anything or at any rate anything appreciable. That is why Mr. Ritchie took it off.

Sir William Harcourt's contribution is frank electioneering. He wants to concentrate attention on the question of the price of food. Therefore, he says, ignore the other aspects of the question, our power under the present system to deal with protectionist countries and so forth, and let us settle this question of taxing the "food of the people" first. In vain is the net. The new policy is essentially an Imperial readjustment, of which the taxation of food is merely an incident, though a necessary one. No one, certainly not Mr. Chamberlain, would think of putting duties on food, apart from a comprehensive policy dictated by changed circumstances. It becomes more and more clear that the new policy is not really a question of economic theory. The principles of free trade may be as true as ever; but the circumstances to which they were applied have contradicted themselves, so that the theories work out differently in result. Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Asquith and other Radicals desire in their short-sighted conservatism to treat the world as a planet where everything is always as it was.

The proceedings at the Montreal Congress of the Chambers of Commerce of the Empire have been mainly concerned with the question of preferential tariffs. If the views of the delegates were somewhat sharply divided, the explanation is that representatives of particular interests showed themselves eager to do nothing which might compromise these interests. Lord Strathcona having declared for preference and Lord Brassey for inquiry, a special committee was appointed to consider the matter and submit a resolution. This took the form of a recommendation favouring a commercial policy based upon the principle of mutual benefit, due consideration being given to the fiscal needs of the component parts of the Empire; it is suggested that a special commission of investigation be appointed by the Imperial Government. Elastic as the terms are, they did not satisfy Sir William Holland and his Manchester friends, who desired to insert the words "with the view of avoiding injury to any". Gratuitous injury to Lancashire or any other locality is naturally not in contemplation, but if the supreme interest of the whole Empire demanded a tariff even the certainty of injury in particular directions should be no bar to its adoption. The resolution as passed is the feeblest of compromises.

The truth is, as we pointed out some weeks ago, Lancashire takes a needlessly anxious and narrow view of its interests. There are opportunities within the Empire for the production of cotton to an extent which would save masters and men alike from any fears of American corners and prove of immense benefit to British business in addition. This fact seems to have been seized by the Australians. In a very significant message, the Melbourne correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle", which is as fierce as the "Daily News" in its opposition to the new policy, refers to certain schemes which are afoot for extensive cotton culture in the tropical and northern parts of Australia. One small plantation of fifteen acres, on which the experiment is being tried, is expected to yield to its owner a gross return of £264 per acre, and local experts claim that there are millions of acres well adapted to cotton culture. There are difficulties in the way owing to the objection of the Australians to the employment of black labour, but we agree with the "Chronicle" correspondent that Lancashire should send out a couple of English experts to report. They might profitably extend their investigation whilst they were about it to other British possessions.

One begins to look forward to October, not from appetite for speeches, but for the hope of something like finality. All this controversy in the air begins to be irritating. Mr. Balfour's and Mr. Chamberlain's speeches must settle some things. The Cabinet will have to settle the main lines of the Prime Minister's speech at any rate; though Mr. Chamberlain may still be left a free hand. Obviously there will be a Cabinet Council between now and October to settle these matters. In the meantime the Free Food clique are making great efforts to nobble the Sheffield conference. English people dislike intrigues; the conference will not be nobbled.

Mr. G. S. Street's Roundabout Paper comes as a veritable boon to the tired follower of the unending stream of fiscal letters. Here is something worth reading, wherein are things new and what is not new is turned in perfect phrase. His diagnosis of the temper that refuses to inquire is happy in the extreme. Also the contemptuous dismissal of the politicians, of either party, who talk of being taken by surprise. As Mr. Street says, we have all been discussing amongst ourselves these very questions, questioning the canons of free-trade and generally doubting for years. And then to complain that the new policy is sprung upon us is poor indeed. "Better far Mr. Winston Churchill's somewhat egotistical and probably unlucky precipitation." Mr. Street makes but one false step. Perhaps it is less bad taste than foolish to speak of Russia as outside the civilised world.

The accounts to hand this week of sharp fighting in Northern Nigeria will have come with a shock to all who believed that the power of the ex-Sultan of Sokoto had been broken and that the British forces were in complete possession of his State. It now appears that Captain Swords, in an action at a place called Burmi, narrowly escaped serious disaster and sustained a check which sent thousands of natives flocking to the ex-Sultan's standard. Fortunately the British were in a position promptly to despatch reinforcements. An attack on Burmi was delivered on 27 July and resisted with determination. The fighting is said to have been from house to house, and the town was completely destroyed. Seven hundred of the enemy were killed, including the ex-Sultan and most of his chiefs. The loss on the British side was also serious, Major Marsh being among the killed. The fight should prove to be the enemy's last stand. There are pretenders enough and to spare in Nigeria as elsewhere in Africa, but the man most to be feared was the late Sultan.

The West India Committee has issued with the sanction of Mr. Chamberlain an appeal to the public for aid to the sufferers by the cyclone which has devastated parts of Jamaica. The storm may be compared with that historic tornado of which Alexander Hamilton's account has lately been discovered. It almost flattened the face of the country and where it had passed the devastation was as great as if a fire had gone over the land. Every small cultivator is ruined: he is left with no fruit-trees and no money to restore his acres. The cyclone has come at a time when the fruit trade with Jamaica was rapidly on the increase and most people have enjoyed the cheapness of the fruit which has come over. No town has so much benefited as Bristol and it is a happy idea that the Mayor of Bristol should have started a separate relief fund. Here at least is a case for protection of the colonies which no one will argue.

The admirably precise demands of Russia and their most punctual fulfilment by Turkey have done nothing to restore the situation created by the assassination of the Russian consul. Of those concerned in M. Rostkovsky's death two sentries have been beheaded, several men given long sentences and two officers in the gendarmerie deprived of their command. Again Turkey has maintained officially an absolute correctness of attitude. This complete obedience on the part of the Ottoman Government robs Russia of its chief excuse for sending a fleet into Turkish waters. There is no doubt of the seriousness of the insurrection in Macedonia, however factitious, but the effect of the neighbourhood of a Russian fleet can scarcely have any other effect than the encouragement of the insurrectionists, who are especially active in Salonika, and will be read in Bulgaria as a menace to Turkey. It is not surprising that the news of the movement of the Russian fleet has stimulated activity in the fleets of other nations. On their part the Turks have called out 52 new battalions: and one may expect at any moment news of yet more serious fighting.

For the last two days no news has been received of fresh insurrectionary outbreaks and nearly all the actual collisions between Turks and Macedonians have been in the Monastir district. The localisation of the rebellion does not help the assertion that it is in any sense a national movement; and indeed the confessed activity of Saravof, who has issued a warning to the railways, is sufficient proof of the source of conspiracy. So far as the rest of Europe was concerned safety lay in the understanding that Austria and Russia, whose ambitions are sufficiently imposed to make the alliance safe, should act together; but the presence of the Russian fleet at Inada Bay, which coincides with the handing in of a number of demands to Turkey, does not suggest that Russia has consulted with anyone. The principal demand is the immediate appointment of European officers in the gendarmerie, the very suggestion which was made by Lord Lansdowne before the drafting of the Russo-Austrian reform scheme, but rejected by Russia from jealousy of German officers.

There are rumours that Austria Russia and Italy are to act in concert; but since the English Government as well as the Russian has put "the balance of criminality" on the side of Bulgaria, one does not see why this restless little nation, which makes Christianity an excuse for hatred of the Turk, should not be the first objective of the reforming nations. Macedonia by itself has neither the desire to originate nor the power to carry through insurrections of its own.

The Servian Zimri does not find peace. Whether or no he was accessory to the murder of his predecessors, King Peter is perplexed by the ambitions of the murderers themselves. Either they are heroes, types of "the brave Servian army", and therefore entitled to promotion and decoration; or else they are criminals for whom the block would be a compliment. To glorify them is to outrage the conscience of Europe and renders the position of Servia very ambiguous among civilised States; to resist their bidding involves a risk of renewed carnage at the Konak. Only a very strong statesman could now end the reign of terror, which the Pretorians have established at Belgrade, and so far the only strength shown by King Peter has been that of sitting still. He is not even allowed to choose his own domestics and has little more to say to the administration of affairs than he had during the exile, which he must now begin to regret.

He is powerless to exact retribution for the hideous crime of last June, but that is not to say that he may be exonerated, and we trust that there is no truth in the rumours of Sir George Bonham's return to Belgrade. It must be understood clearly that, until justice shall be done to the regicides, any Government which enters into relations with Peter Karageorgiev is hand and glove with assassins. Russia and Austria have degraded themselves to that extent for political purposes, but the honour of representing them at the blood-stained court of Belgrade can scarcely be relished by men of honour. Indeed the Russian and Austrian armies have put their own Sovereigns to shame by declining all intercourse with Servian officers. It may be urged that no good cause is served by refusing to recognise facts, but every additional obstacle to the triumph of crime is a distinct gain to the cause of public morality. The days of Peter's reign are already numbered and we must bethink ourselves of our attitude towards his successor.

An unexpected, but one may suppose unimportant, check has been received by the Americans in the development of the Panama Canal scheme. Last June the President was empowered by the Spooner Bill to buy up the property and rights of the Panama Company which had been duly "beared" by the pretence of a leaning towards the rival route. It was thought that the last difficulty was overcome, the more so as the Minister sent by the Colombian Government to Washington had assisted in the passing of the Bill. But the Colombians appear to have been offended by the clause in the Bill giving the Americans complete dominance of a strip of land ten miles in breadth along the canal; and the Mr. Concha, who was most amenable in Washington, is described as one of the most keen of its opponents in Colombia. One cannot suppose that the opposition will be fatal to the route. The United States has a most correct philosophy of the duties of big states to little; but there are more ways of bullying than the menace of warships; and the friends of the Nicaragua route are not powerful enough to profit by the check.

The British Empire League recently passed a resolution urging Mr. Austen Chamberlain to reduce the postage to Australia to a penny, in accordance with the offer of the Postmaster-General of Australia. Previously the Australian Post Office had not thought it possible to consider the acceptance of British letters with only a penny stamp, as their own rate of postage in the interior of Australia is 2d. They have now

suggested remitting the surcharge on such letters and this offer represents some concession to the imperial idea; but there is still no suggestion of reducing the postage from Australia to other parts of the empire. Mr. Chamberlain quite rightly insists that such arrangements should be reciprocal; and he has also a technical objection which has not been mooted before. As things are, the postage of a postcard to Australia is 1d., but from Australia 1½d. The result is that Australian correspondents think that they can send a reply to a penny postcard for a penny, with the result that a surcharge has to be collected on nearly a third of the postcards received from Australia. If there was a divergence in the charges for letters, which are sent in much greater numbers than postcards, this burden of collecting surcharges from English recipients because of the fault of Australian senders would become intolerable.

Our Postmaster-General could scarcely do anything but refuse; but the whole question, as a part of the association of Empire, is much more than an administrative detail; and some means should be found for loosening the deadlock. The sole reason for the maintenance of high rates in Australia is the need of revenue. But it has been the general experience of the English Post Office that a lowering of price is followed by a growth of income; and in spite of the difference of population the general rule is likely to work also in Australia. Mr. Austen Chamberlain does not mention this point in his letter. Has it been represented to the Postmaster-General in Australia? If not he could do nothing better than visit Canada, where newspapers are posted for nothing and letters within oppidan areas for a halfpenny.

Parisians have been delighted that the sweetness of the Humbert mystery has been drawn out to ten days and still the grand secret is locked up in Madame Humbert's consciousness. It has moreover gained reputation in the course of the trial. M. Labori has backed it and was only not allowed to verify it because the first step towards verification would betray the secret. The millions of the Crawfords have also grown a shade less shadowy since witnesses have sworn to seeing the people in the flesh and to handling the bonds. M. Labori seems to have surpassed himself in his speech for the defence; and indeed from the point of view of English law the speech for the prosecution dealt in a very meagre degree with actual evidence. Both prosecution and defence claim that the burden of proof lies with the other. If it lay with the prosecution Madame Humbert's opponents have to prove a negative, logically an impossible feat. If it is thought that M. Labori must answer the two final questions of the prosecution: Y-a-t-il des Crawfords? Y-a-t-il des millions? acquittal can only be achieved by the avowal of the grand secret. Is there a secret?

Two years ago the race between the yachts of Sir Thomas Lipton and the New York Yacht Club became for the time a monomania with the outside public. Happily this year, in spite of the screams of the newsboys on Thursday night, the repetition, the "cramb repetition" in Sir Thomas Browne's phrase, has left the public and the press calm enough to attend to their ordinary avocations and county cricket. Perhaps we have to thank Mr. Chamberlain, who has given politics a superior interest. Of the race, the less said the better. It was a drifting match after the start and was given up after a third of the forty odd miles had been covered; but "Reliance" seems to have proved that in one kind of craft the American engineers are still too good for us. However "Shamrock" has still to prove her paces in a wind that is a wind.

The cricket team which is to visit Australia has now been finally selected and one of the popular holiday subjects is abuse of the M.C.C. for the manner in which the work has been done. Certainly the team may be called an "A" team. The four best batsmen in England, it will be generally granted, are Fry, Mac-

laren, Jackson and Ranjitsinhji, none of whom is going; and an eleven with these as nucleus could be selected which would be at least as good as the so-called representative side. But except in the preference of Warner for Maclaren, as Captain, the refusals are not the fault of the M.C.C. They have selected the best men they could get and the only criticism which can be made is that J. Gunn should have been asked and that Fielder is an experimental selection. A side with less genius has seldom gone over; and Bosanquet, Foster and Warner are the only amateurs. It will be surprising if it is good enough to win representative matches, but there is one thing in its favour: Trumble has retired from first-class cricket.

From the retirement of his beautiful and very English home in Toronto Mr. Goldwin Smith issues from time to time a protest, felicitous in at least its wording, against abuses in general. It is not as a rule "a green thought in a green shade" which occupies his leisure, as he looks out across the very green lawn before his windows. At one time it was annexation, at another Mr. Chamberlain, at another football; and now it is the multi-millionaire who is on his mind. What will happen when multi-millionaires, like other "golden lads", come to dust and the power of their fortunes is entrusted to corporate bodies? It is a nice question. We do not often agree with Mr. Goldwin Smith but when he instances the rejection of the Cuban treaty as one of the crimes of millionaire monopolists everyone who regards the honour of nations must accept this financial monarch in his American shape as a hostis humani generis. Mr. Goldwin Smith was a man of letters, as early numbers of this REVIEW bear witness, before he was politician or social philosopher and he is regarded in Canada as supreme in literature. We suspect that the horrible outrages against letters, such as Mr. Carnegie committed against Homer, have added animus to Mr. Goldwin Smith's periods: rabies armavit iambos.

Mr. Pöhlitz, of the New York "World", is starting a university for journalists. He has put down a million dollars, and if the venture succeeds, he will put down more. That journalists in the bulk on this side of the water could do with a good deal more education, we know; but is there really any room for improvement in America? Are not all the ideals of Mr. Pöhlitz's university already attained in the press of the Great Republic; regard for fact, refinement, moderation, and grace? What strikes us as so remarkable is that of all men one connected with the New York "World" should see the need of reform. Were it the—but we will name no names—one might understand, but how could a man whose paper is the "World" of New York dream there could be such a thing as vulgarity, inaccuracy, unscrupulousness in journalists? Somehow Mr. Pöhlitz's generosity strikes us somewhat as though a brewer, having made a vast fortune out of tied houses, were to give a great sum to a movement for their suppression.

Stock markets have been mostly in an apathetic condition this week, and in view of the scarcity of business the decision of the Committee to close the "House" to-day was generally appreciated. Consols were at one time decidedly flat, but subsequently recovered sharply on investment purchases. Home Rails improved sympathetically with the advance in gilt-edged securities, but there is still entire absence of public support in this department. Tenders will be received at the Bank of England on the 24th inst. for Treasury Bills to be issued to the amount of £3,000,000, of which £1,000,000 will be in replacement of bills falling due on the 30th inst. The bills will be in amounts of £1,000, £5,000 or £10,000 and will be dated the 29th inst. The bills for £1,000,000 will be payable at three months after date, viz., on 29 November. The bills for £2,000,000 will be payable at six months after date, viz., on 29 February. Kaffirs remain fairly steady, but dealings have been restricted owing to many of the leading operators being away on holiday. Consols 90½. Bank rate 3 per cent (18 June, 1903).

THE MANIFESTO THAT MISSED.

THERE is a tradition in economic circles, that, long ago, before the Great Trek to Jupiter and Saturn, professors moulded the policy of the United Kingdom. The doctrines, even the phrases, of that distant period have been carefully handed down; when they have seemed to be in conflict with facts, "interpretation clauses" have been inserted to show that they were still true if allowance was made for what was in the mind of the old economists; or that economic forces still operated as they were supposed to do if we assumed that "other things remained the same". So the decadent representatives of Adam Smith and Ricardo have made an economic faith and preserved it intact in spite of all the changes going on around them; in spite of the destruction of the systems of philosophy and politics with which the older economics was interwoven; in spite of the growth of historical criticism, and the scientific revolution which has apparently in their view affected every subject except their own. Naturally enough, Mr. Chamberlain's proposals have shocked what we may almost call the religious sense of these depositaries of the ancient faith. How great the shock has been the mere fact of the issue of a Manifesto against them conclusively proves, for economists have long maintained that it is no business of theirs to express opinions on practical politics; they are people whose function in life it is to sit on a fence and make statements in the "indicative mood". But the work of their predecessors is threatened with destruction. In such a crisis, they must act in the spirit of the ancient tradition, and, no doubt much against their will, take a definite line on practical affairs.

The Manifesto, like the works of the old economists, requires many "interpretation clauses" before it can be made intelligible to the ordinary man. Parts of it read like excerpts from some neglected fragment of the utilitarians. There is not a sentence or a line of the Manifesto which suggests any acquaintance with modern scientific and historical work, or even with the books of some of the professors who have signed it. If we were asked what were the dominant characteristics of some of them we should say they were a rooted dislike of large generalisations, extreme caution in formulating economic truths, even a disposition to deny that there were any economic truths at all in the sense of the Manifesto, and unwillingness to express an opinion on any subject without prolonged examination of all the facts bearing upon it. Yet the Manifesto is nothing if not uncompromising and dogmatic. The propositions enunciated are based upon well-known assumptions, but the professors, though maintaining the truth of the propositions, apparently reject the assumptions. The fundamental principle of the older economics was the "desire for wealth"; the fundamental principle of the Manifesto is the desire for "the cultivation of friendly feelings"; which we cannot measure by any method known to the professors. We have never heard of an economic system based upon "friendly feelings", and, generally speaking, unregenerate people who have urged such considerations in connexion with economic science have been severely rebuked by economists of the professorial school. We thought that every schoolboy was aware of the fact that the economic conditions of the modern world were different from those of fifty years ago, and that the existence of obsolete restrictions on industry and commerce, which no one has the least idea of reviving, famine prices which could not occur under any preferential tariff suggested, and a commercial monopoly which nothing can restore, were the main reasons for "the adoption of free trade". It would puzzle the wit of man to discover what are the "reasons of the same kind" fatal to the adoption of an Imperial Policy. The professors say "experience shows that protection, when it has once taken root, is likely to extend beyond the limits at first assigned to it and is very difficult to extirpate". We like this idea of protection as a kind of weed planted in the free-trade gardens of civilised countries, but where are the countries to be found

which, starting from a system of national liberty, have "assigned limits" to these horticultural experiments and then found the weed too much for them? We should have thought that if there was one fact more patent than another in modern history it was the growth of what are practically huge free-trade areas. In the view of the Professors, "a country" is always the same political and economic entity. They have been so little accustomed to observe the actual development of nations that they have not noticed the schemes of consolidation which have been carried into effect all over the civilised world. What they want is that the British Empire, alone amongst States or confederations of States, should stand aside from the movement which is the most continuous and persistent in modern history, and all because it involves what they think is a "return to protection" within the meaning of the economic text-books.

It would be futile to discuss in detail the ill-grafted "observations" of the professors. We all know the method of the ordinary treatise on economics. The treatise must be up to date and take account of the facts of modern life. The old economic doctrines must be re-stated in a form which will carry conviction to the mind of the business man, the administrator, and the politician who are told that the salvation of the modern world depends upon their mastering them. The modern representative of the *a priori* school has not time (no human being would have time) to revise all the articles of the economic faith in the light of criticism and experience. But he works hard, reads many books, makes many statistical diagrams, and goes as far as he can in fitting a dead system of economics to new conditions. The result is frequently interesting and suggestive, as all conscientious work is. But it takes the form of bewildering qualifications of the older economic doctrines. In the Manifesto we have a number of propositions, with all the qualifications omitted, and stated in a particularly crude and unscientific form. We are quite sure that, individually, the professors who have signed the Manifesto would not admit such absurdities into their works.

But it is clear that the professors have not grasped the rudiments of an imperial policy. Mr. Chamberlain has not suggested an academic inquiry into import duties in general, or the effect of an increase of imports on the regularity of employment, or the relation between a tax on food and wages or any other economic generality. Movements of a very definite character are going on within the British Empire which may make or mar the future of the British race. These movements have within the last year culminated in a series of incidents which plainly indicate that we have now to decide whether the different parts of the Empire are to remain economically separate and distinct or we shall adopt a policy of imperial consolidation. If the latter, a change in the economic policy of the United Kingdom is absolutely essential. The character of the change involved is determined not by abstract economics but by the actual existing conditions of the United Kingdom and the other parts of the Empire, and no one has suggested or can suggest a policy essentially different from that outlined by Mr. Chamberlain. That policy involves preferential duties on the importation of food. We may discuss the question of the rate of duty and the effect of different rates, the commodities to be selected, and such related topics. In any circumstances likely to occur it is extravagant to suggest and ridiculous to affirm that "an immense and permanent sacrifice" is involved, because the sacrifice involved, if any, can only be very roughly determined when the full details of the scheme have been arranged. Mr. Chamberlain's policy also involves a certain measure of protection for British manufactures. How much protection no one can possibly say at the present stage. But the idea that Mr. Chamberlain wants protection for the sake of protection or food taxes apart from a scheme of imperial organisation is too absurd to need comment. In these circumstances, the Manifesto of the professors is not likely to have any effect on the controversy. We are asked by Mr. Chamberlain to take in hand definite measures for the consolidation of the British Empire, which we have reason to believe, on both

economic and political grounds, is necessary and likely to be highly beneficial to all parts of the Empire. The arguments for and against the step proposed must obviously have direct reference to the present circumstances of the empire, its economic structure and organisation, its potentialities for the future. The professors say, in effect, that unfortunately they know nothing about the empire, but they are quite willing to tell us what is the general effect of import duties in the world of "economic men" suddenly become sentimental, where "other things remain the same". But economic men do not become sentimental, and other things do not remain the same. So the information is entirely irrelevant to present issues.

"TURKISH MISRULE."

EVERYBODY is ready with his cure for the Balkan trouble, and ready in proportion to his ignorance. See the Bishop of Gibraltar; how he rushes into the "Times" with his prescription. Evidently this bishop aspires to include not only the Pope but the Balkan Christians in his diocese and he feels it his duty to enlighten the world with the result of his profound reflections. Once upon a time he paid an episcopal visitation to Philippopolis and met two escaped convicts at the Bulgarian Exarch's dinner-table. Like the famous French traveller who, seeing a red-headed female at Barcelona, wrote in his diary that all Spanish women have red hair, the Bishop hastened to believe that all the dwellers in Macedonia possessed the charm and culture of his host and fellow guests. Without having visited the disturbed vilayets, without having taken the trouble to study the perplexing questions of race and creed where almost every village is heterogeneous, without a rudimentary acquaintance with history, political philosophy or any factors in the present problem, he blandly proclaims his ready-made solution. A permanent and effective settlement, he foresees, will immediately follow "rescue from Turkish misrule" and the appointment of a Christian governor. Since a certain canon mistook pumpkins for impaled Christians on the banks of the Save and thereby inspired a Midlothian campaign, we cannot remember any more airy and mischievous utterance on the part of a responsible ecclesiastic. Bulgaria, Servia, Greece have all been liberated from "Turkish misrule" and are governed by persons calling themselves Christians, but we have yet to learn that happiness and prosperity have been the inevitable corollary. There are Christians and Christians; the mere fact of believing in certain dogmas does not necessarily involve a capacity for government, any more than it assures salvation, as certain Protestants vainly allege. "Turkish misrule" is doubtless not an ideal dispensation, but Christian misrule may easily be less tolerable. For our part, were we citizens of Monastir, we should prefer the rods of the Vali to the scorpions of M. Sarafov and his fellow-terrorists. Before pulling down "Turkish misrule", a wise statesman must decide what he intends to set up in its place. Macedonia for the Macedonians may sound very fine in a clap-trap letter to a newspaper, but prudence suggests the inquiry: Who are the Macedonians? Some are of Bulgar stock, perhaps; many are certainly Servian and Greek; others are Wallachian, Tsintsar, Albanian, Gipsy, Hebrew and who knows what besides? One fact frequently forgotten is that a very large number are pure Turks. They receive scant consideration from your new crusader and it seems the most natural thing in the world to condemn them to alien rule. But even if we take Christianity as the standard of aptitude for government, we shall find dissatisfaction perpetuated among those races and creeds, which are subjected to the rule of their rivals. If Bulgarians are preferred, the Servians and Greeks will talk of Bulgarian misrule. If the Exarchists prevail, the Patriarchists, Jews, Moslems, and all other believers or unbelievers will rail against Exarchist misrule. There is no issue out of the quandary. If the peoples, nations and languages of Macedonia were parcelled out into districts, there might be some sense in advocating local self-government. But each kaza presents a racial problem as acute as that to be found in a vilayet.

Nor, in the interests of public morality, can the Komitajis be permitted to profit by their crimes. Interested persons are now protesting that the movement in Macedonia is not artificial. But anyone who has travelled in the province must have seen for himself that a spontaneous rising against intolerable oppression does not and cannot occur. The people only desire to be let alone, to elude if possible the tax-gatherer, and to enjoy the kindly fruits of the earth. Of late they have suffered not only from "Turkish misrule" but also from the ministrations of amateur liberators. It was hard enough to dodge the Imperial emissary and prevent him from collecting inordinate tithes, but the Komitaji, who imposes arbitrary assessments for "the sacred cause", who impresses young men for a guerilla warfare near akin to brigandage, who sets up a Vehmgericht, against whose decisions there is no appeal, can only be regarded as a supererogatory tyrant. The people are already tired of him; in many cases they have actually taken up arms against him on behalf of "Turkish misrule"; and his permanent domination is dreaded as the most alarming of conceivable calamities. Mr. Balfour did not overstate his case when he informed the House of Commons that "the balance of criminality" lay on the side of the insurgents in Macedonia, and we reject as absurd the report of the "Times" correspondent at Sofia that Sir Nicholas O'Connor has been instructed to explain away the Premier's language or to describe it as "of a purely parliamentary character, designed for purposes of esoteric debate". For one thing it is hardly possible that the correspondent could have known what were the ambassador's instructions. If he does, Sir Nicholas O'Connor ought to be dismissed from the diplomatic service. The correspondent ought not, of course, in any case to have published the instruction: but one does not expect a high standard from that sort. He may have got hold of a Turkish version of the instruction; which is a very different matter. To an honest mind "esoteric debate" is as unintelligible as esoteric Buddhism and it is inconceivable that a responsible statesman should have permitted his solemn utterance to be so miserably stultified, more especially when it has been so amply justified by facts. Europe is evidently shy of giving the Turk a free hand to set his house in order, chiefly perhaps lest amiable, ignorant quidnuncs like the Bishop of Gibraltar should fan the fires of neo-crusading fanaticism. But the facts must be faced. Macedonia cannot remain a chronic cock-pit, and the Powers must support the imperial Government of Turkey unless they are prepared to undertake the work of pacification themselves.

The Russian demonstration suggests to some hasty minds that intervention is to be anticipated, perhaps even war. But there are two reasons for discrediting the rumours of alarmists. In the first place, Russia has sufficient domestic troubles to deter her from reckless adventures. Social discontent, penury, complications in the Far East, and the knowledge that the Turkish army is now stronger than it was a quarter of a century ago: these are considerations which the astute diplomatists of St. Petersburg are not likely to neglect. Moreover, it must take at least one to make a quarrel, and Turkey, with an empty exchequer, with three vilayets in revolt, and with the ever imminent menace of disorder in her Asiatic Empire, will make any concession rather than try conclusions again with her old enemy. On the one hand, Russia has exhibited great patience and forbearance under provocation in Macedonia, and no diplomatist believes that she now meditates a sudden conflagration in Europe; on the other hand, the submission of the Porte to the unjust demands of the French Republic in the case of Lorando and Tubini excludes the probability of active resistance to any great power. The murder of two consuls might easily be made a *casus belli*, if Russia were seeking to find one, but the reasonable and conciliatory attitude, which she has now maintained consistently for a considerable length of time, gives every promise of permanence. Petty consuls in the East of Europe are too prone to arrogate to themselves the dignity of viceroys and they often have themselves only to blame when disasters occur. The Turks are a proud people and naturally resent insolence from subordinate *giaours*,

who magnify their official importance unduly. Some people may be beaten and insulted with impunity, and they probably deserve their fate, but the prudent man does not expose himself to the resentment of such as are wont to defend themselves without respect of persons. No one probably regretted the unfortunate incidents at Mitrovitsa and Monastir more sincerely than the Sultan himself, for they were against his interest, but he has the right to expect co-operation from the Powers in his difficult task of governing a turbulent province, and the various Foreign Offices (not excepting our own) will do well to inculcate prudence, or at least good manners, among their representatives in Turkey. We all desire to make an end of "Turkish misrule", but for the present the surest method of accomplishing that end seems to consist in conferring a mandate upon the Turk himself. Let him have the chance of cleansing his own stables.

NAVAL MANŒUVRES 1903.

THE fleet manœuvres for 1903 have followed the lines which might have been predicted by anyone who had read the "General Idea" together with the "General Instructions" and considered them with reference to the composition of the respective fleets engaged in the operations. It was impossible for Admiral Wilson to contemplate a successful concentration of his forces to the eastward of Madeira and no one but a newspaper correspondent would suggest that the right thing in actual warfare is to take sporting risks. Admiral Domville held an initial advantage in being in a position to keep B₂ battleships continually under observation from the moment that they were at liberty to leave their port: only mismanagement, the fortune of weather, or a general breakdown on the part of the X cruisers could have enabled the B fleets to effect a junction within the dangerous zone to the east of the island. No admiral would be justified in supposing his opponent capable of making deliberate blunders and Admiral Domville had no very difficult task set him when he had to decide where the rendezvous of the enemy would most likely be found. As it turned out, Admiral Wilson steered the course that it was expected he would, indeed the only course which—given the time limit—could have ensured the safety of B₂ fleet and also have afforded a possibility of meeting and engaging X with his concentrated strength. A comparison of the speeds of the three fleets and a glance at the chart will at once show that whilst the Admiral of X always had it in his power to decline an action with B₁ and B₂ after their combination, at the same time he could never have hoped to prevent their junction, so that his sole chance of playing a successful part lay in fighting them after they had met: his superior mobility gave him a tactical advantage which set off his numerical inferiority. The umpire's decision as to the result of the battle is not yet known, but whatever it may be, there can be no doubt that Admiral Domville acted rightly in forcing the attack when he had come up with the enemy. In 1894 Admiral FitzRoy with a force inferior in numbers but superior in speed joined battle with his opponent Admiral Seymour, and on that occasion the proportion in strength was much about the same as that which X bore to the combined B fleet; and though the former was not allowed his full claim, he was awarded two battleships, and it was generally considered that his higher speed had enabled him to make dispositions which would in actual warfare have ensured him victory. That a certain number of breakdowns have to be recorded is not surprising considering the size of the three fleets and the strain to which the individual ships were put, and no dissatisfaction need be expressed on reckoning the casualties.

The fleet manœuvres proper can only be pronounced interesting for they worked on well-known principles and disclosed nothing new; but when we come to examine the subsidiary warfare waged by the small craft in home waters, the success of the red torpedo boats is almost startling, and instructive strategical lessons may be derived therefrom. The menace of the torpedo has long ceased to be merely a moral one and it is most important to determine the exact value of the destroyer

in her strict capacity of destroyer of torpedo boats, also whether torpedo boats can take the offensive with good prospect of success if they are shadowed by destroyers. Were any further demonstration needed of the excessive danger that an inshore squadron would run in attempting to watch off an enemy's ports at night-time, the performances of the red flotilla have provided one. No power however strong at sea could afford to lose cruisers at the rate of three in five days. Blockade, in the sense hitherto understood, would seem to be as obsolete as the three-decker. But these operations raise a further question, and that is whether in a war with France it would be possible for cruisers to pass up and down the English Channel during the dark hours of night. We have been shown that torpedo boat attack when properly carried out on systematically organised lines can be made very effective and that it is excessively costly to destroyers. This being so, and bearing in mind the rapid deterioration to which torpedo craft are subject, as we see in the failure of the older boats to attain any high rate of speed, it seems useless to spend money in patching them. Until it has been found possible to obtain a speed of sixteen knots from submarines, it would be advisable to reconsider our position with regard to torpedo boats and begin building them again unless we are prepared to spend more on destroyers than we have done of late. Another point which should not be passed over is that conning-towers in torpedo gun-boats and the class which may be generally defined as scouts are useless, cumbersome and superfluous and much of the spare gear supplied to these small vessels might be dispensed with. If torpedo boats are to have a thorough test of their practical value, more practice is necessary to enable the young officers in command of boats to get accustomed to working together and to understand what is required of them without an undue amount of signalling. Before manoeuvres, more time should be given to preliminary training under war conditions, so that the experienced officers in general charge can give their juniors the benefit of some instruction in the duties the latter will be called upon to perform. The increased speed developed even by the older boats, as the engine-room departments become more familiar with their work, offers a good illustration of what training and experience can together effect.

THE OXFORD EXTENSION PICNIC.

THE feast of sciolism, now in possession on the Isis, has its attractions for the spectator. It is pleasant to see a number of young people, men and maidens, amusing themselves so successfully; still pleasanter to see how thoroughly the elder and more learned members enter into the spirit of the fun. They are obviously enjoying themselves hugely, these young folk; the gaiety is spontaneous, the amusement genuine. The University Extension Movement, if it has done nothing else, has shown once more what a fund of pleasure can be got out of being cheated, especially when you cheat yourself. And there the elder members are at a disadvantage. The learned lecturers and professors have not the pleasure of cheating themselves; they can only give their services with as much abandon as they can assume to this harmless little game of self-deceit. We really believe that some of the students, especially the lady students, are honestly persuaded that they are pursuing knowledge, that all this hurrying from lectures to tea-parties, this fussing about between classes and picnic, is serious work. The amiable illusion would not matter, if it stopped there: if people like to call play work, and to think that they are learning because they rush to learned men's lectures in the interstices of tennis parties, it is no great sin. They may be left to themselves and to others' amused toleration. Unfortunately they are not content with such a lot. Thinking they know a great deal, as everybody does who knows very little, they must insist on proclaiming their knowledge to the world and inflicting it privately on their nearest neighbour. They must even push themselves into the newspapers. As if it mattered one straw to the world what their vaca-

tion parties are doing at Oxford or anywhere else. It is this absurd assumption of seriousness that is making those who have something to do in the world impatient of the whole Extension Movement. It is much as if those who have been playing at kings and princes on the stage asked us off the stage to pay them the court due to real kings. That is too much: we are willing to look at them while they are on the stage, but off it we prefer to contemplate the genuine article. The truth, of course, about these Extension meetings is, and always has been, that they are simply amusement. Like many other games they may combine with amusement some instruction. In that they are in the same category with the spelling game, say, or the geography game, or proverbs. Admit it, and no one will have a word to say against these Extensionists male or female. Fortunately we can avoid Oxford and Cambridge while they are in possession; otherwise we admit philosophic toleration might become impossible. As it is, if only they would keep out of the papers, we could even forget that there was such an invasion of the ideal haunts of our youth. But there must be no silly airs of learning and mimicry of 'varsity life. Let these young men and women admit, for it is the plain truth, that they are no more seriously studying than the undergraduates' sisters and cousins who go up for Eights week and do not pretend that they are going up to learn. No doubt they do learn much: it is hardly possible to spend a week at Oxford without learning something. But it is not learning in the sense of doing intellectual work. No more do the Extensionists do intellectual work. The learned professors who talk to them at heart regard the whole thing as an amiable joke. We have known more than one of them who could not, in private, conceal his amusement at his own lectures; or, more accurately perhaps, at his lecturing at an Extension meeting. There are other lecturers, no doubt, less well equipped with the sense of humour, who would not see themselves so truly. Consider the lectures themselves. Do they not tell their own story? Would Professor Meldola, were he very serious, take for exposition "Chemistry" without qualification? The whole realm of chemistry from its beginnings until now in two or three lectures! We do not think he would take that to any whom he was trying to teach, though it would probably do very well at a political meeting. Would Professor Hewins, that most scientific and thoughtful of economists, attempt to expound the whole of "Railway Economy" in a single lecture? No, as we have said, these distinguished men enter into the fun of the thing.

We notice too that a great air of modernity is always thrown over the proceedings. The "Times", in an article entering quite into the spirit of the occasion, points out that the Latin and Greek classics are nowhere. Naturally; these advanced students have left the Greeks and Romans far behind. Why should they trouble themselves about a couple of ancient peoples who in thought and action have left a deeper impression on the world than any other, an impress which alone can make intelligible many of the studies with which these students are amusing themselves. Extension at the expense of depth; just what we should expect. We notice too that politicians and other public performers are much in evidence at these meetings. That is splendid business for the Extensionist. By attending a single lecture he scores three points; he acquires a science, sees a famous building, and a well-known man. How easy is the path of learning. Why an Extension meeting is nearly as good a royal road to universal knowledge as an Encyclopædia! The American ambassador was there, of course. He explained to this country how good our universities would be, if they were only on the American lines. Certainly, if he is right in claiming that the American universities can "qualify" their youth "for business and for any public or private duty to which they may be called", he is more than justified in thinking immensely of American universities, for no other country can claim as much for its own. But there is a rotundity about the phrase that rather suggests the style of a prospectus of some new "educational establishment". However it would be most unfair to take this very charming speaker seriously on this occasion.

Our Extensionist ladies, if reproached with their methods of learning, merely picking up here and there, flitting to another subject before they can have any real idea of one, hurrying to a hundred lectures instead of thinking over two or three, would reply instantly that they were intellectual butterflies gathering honey from every open flower. The figure is not inapt; but they should remember, or more probably make the discovery, that butterflies are enjoying the leisure earned by a life of very hard work followed by a period of absolute retirement and contemplation. If the caterpillar attempted the dilettante methods of the butterfly, there would be no butterfly at all. When these ladies have acquired some real knowledge, they may add to it as much "culture" as ever they like. We are suspicious of the spirit of these "summer meetings"; it tends to the idea that picking up information is as good as learning, that there are no difficulties, or at any rate that they can be avoided, and there are plenty of happy substitutes for work. It comes very near to intellectual quackery: the sort of quackery which tells you that the way to remember is to do anything but use your memory or that to master a language, you should ignore its grammar.

BRITISH CAVALRY.—II.

A TERRITORIAL SCHEME.

IN my last article I dealt with the question of the supply of cavalry recruits and the passing of them when thoroughly trained to the Reserve. Men of eighteen or twenty who thus revert to civil life will however need "brushing up" from time to time in order to keep them effective; and this brings us face to face with one of the inherent objections to all systems of reserves to a non-conscript army and more especially to cavalry reserves.

A solution of this difficulty will I believe be found in an extension of the existing territorial system to our cavalry arm. I frankly confess that the idea is not my own; both it and several other important points I have ventured to advocate have been brought to my attention by one who has devoted much anxious thought to finding a remedy for the existing condition of things in our cavalry, which he readily admits to be unsatisfactory. It is however apparently so well fitted for providing a solution of our present difficulties, both as regards the supply of a suitable class of recruit for our cavalry regiments and for the securing of cadet officers possessed of the necessary qualifications to make good cavalry leaders, that I give it here for the consideration of those interested in the subject.

But, before doing so, I hasten to state that I am personally by no means one of the fanatical admirers of the "territorial system" as adopted in our army. The fact that it has succeeded in certain counties, where the peculiar conditions of life more nearly approximate to those which obtain on the Continent, is beside the mark. Most military men can recall a dozen instances where the territorial system has really proved a success and as many others where it is little better than an imposition, a mere juggling with names in order to justify the fads and theories of army reformers. The public are happily ignorant that there are regiments with high-sounding titles connected with counties whose inhabitants decline with thanks the honour of serving in their "county corps", with the consequence that these are filled with the overflow of town-bred lads from large cities hundreds of miles distant.

Having I trust said enough to clear myself of the taint of unreasoning and unreasonable "territorialism" of the Prussian type as misapplied in England, I will now endeavour to indicate how the system might nevertheless, with certain modifications, seem to afford a solution for our cavalry wants. If the cavalry regiments were so to be territorialised that to each of them a district was assigned in the United Kingdom for recruiting purposes, where, when on home service, they would generally be quartered, it would form a basis for the scheme of recruiting and training of the reserve men here outlined. For the Yeomanry regiments always belonging to these districts would, as in the case of the Militia battalions affiliated to the regular army, form a

sort of "reserve regiment" to their regular cavalry regiments, the men of the latter on passing to the reserve being taken on the strength of the Yeomanry. This, whilst vastly increasing the military value of the latter, would provide a ready means of annually "brushing up" our cavalry reservists. But to carry out such a scheme, it would be necessary to break with much of the old-fashioned traditions of our Yeomanry cavalry; the training would no longer be a gala assemblage or annual outing at the county towns, and doubtless many of the older hands would in consequence elect to leave. This although in some cases regrettable would all tend to ultimate efficiency. It would at least save the Yeomanry from being converted into mounted infantry of sorts which is the inevitable outcome of the recent Yeomanry Regulations. To recapitulate, the actual gain to our cavalry by the adoption of some such scheme as I have outlined would be as follows:—

1. Our cavalry would be quickly and more economically trained.

2. The men passed to the Reserve, the bulk of whom owing to their early training in connexion with horses would probably get employed in or adjacent to their own county or district, could be easily collected by relays during the drill season for brief periods and thus "polished up" and kept in training under the eyes of the officers who would lead them in the event of war. They would thus know and be known to their officers.

3. As regards economy of horseflesh, the same horses would serve for the annual training of many men who would, under the proposed system, come up in batches for brief periods. It must be remembered that there are few more costly military luxuries than keeping a thoroughly trained and effective horse-soldier in barracks and feeding him and his horse for twelve months, when the only time during that interval when he will be really engaged in work of an edifying and improving character is during the brief period of summer drills at some camp of exercise. This of course does not apply to the recruit undergoing instruction. For the trained man a week at manœuvres is worth six months' barrack square routine and "stables". It is possible that an infantry soldier may derive benefit from barrack square work, a trained horse-soldier certainly cannot.

I am well aware that in daring to put forward this proposal for the territorialisation of our cavalry I shall incur the wrath of many excellent cavalry officers who will declare that it will ruin esprit de corps. I am however as jealous of the maintenance of that "delicate plant" as any soldier living and I feel convinced that some means could be devised whereby the benefits of the territorial system applied to our cavalry regiments in country districts could be attained without depriving them of their numbers, badges, designations or in any way dimming the lustre of the glorious traditions of which they are so justly proud. It was without doubt the ill-conceived and tactless way in which the "territorial system" was crammed down the throats of our infantry in 1881 that made the very name so distasteful to so many gallant regiments, who saw their most cherished distinctions ruthlessly swept away or merged with those of alien corps, and last but not least their very "numbers", which from their undying associations with many a famous field of battle could be relied on to work magic in the ranks, replaced by ludicrous and impossible combinations of titles and attributes, as incongruous in phraseology as they were impracticable in use.

GREY SCOUT.

THE IDEALS OF THE OLD WHIG.*

FROM the day that Burke appealed to chivalry and loyalty, and Fox to the Rights of Man; and the cry of the nations arose over the "marble halls" of the Republic by the Adriatic Sea, whose institutions the Sidneys and Russells had striven to plant on English soil, the Whig stood no more for a principle, but only for a tradition.

* Critical and Historical Essays. By Lord Macaulay. Edited with Introduction, Notes and Index, by F. A. Montague. London: Methuen. 18s.

The movement of 1832 was so far as the Whigs went sheer hypocrisy. History was recklessly distorted to enable the Whig Lords to catch the vote of the Puritan Middle Class, and the Radical Reformers. The hack writer of the Greys, the Hollands and the Lansdownes in this task was the famous essayist, whose accuracy and honesty can be gauged by the useful introductions, which even his present sympathetic editor (who has done his work well) must perforce append to the majority of his "Edinburgh" contributions. Macaulay was not a great man: he was not a philosopher: he was a Clapham Protestant who had lost nearly all his faith, and kept most of his prejudices; he was hardly a gentleman; but he was a kindly soul; a respectable private character, an excellent classic, a well-informed man with the knack of spreading his information with tact and grace, and above all a very great journalist in an age, when journalism found its best expression in quarterly reviews.

He furnished in his day to order the literary pabulum that the middle class desired, and he will for many years to come be admired by Philistines, and quoted by dissenting ministers; but for the rest of the world he is rapidly finding his place with the other demagogues of literature. From a literary point of view it is doubtful if he has really served even his Whig friends. He has dressed their heroes in a way to please the nonconformist conscience: but has made them thoroughly dull and sometimes vulgar.

Now dull or vulgar the author of "Cato, a Tragedy" and his friends were not. Indeed were Addison to revisit our twentieth century England he would speedily put us for the time out of conceit with most of our hobbies. For there is naught that we could show him new, that his satire would not transfix. He would look at our churches and chapels, and next week there would appear in his revived "Spectator" a paper on the "Bacchæ" of Euripides. This would lament that enthusiasm had found a place in the Church once honoured by the membership of Sir Roger de Coverley. Ritual extravagances would be explained as a relapse into the barbaric habits of the Goths and Vandals. Salvationism would elicit a reference to the Corybantes. Evangelicalism would be rebuked for its want of elegance; Dissent as disorderly and demagogic. Finally the critic would foretell the approaching extinction of virtue and religion in our unhappy island.

The zealous Tory, eloquent on Imperial glories, would meet likewise a chilling reception. How, the censor would ask, do we promote virtue by waving a flag o'er a thousand savage lands? The black kings of the equator and elsewhere, would if they heard of the need, spur their steeds to a fight for Cato and liberty; and as for their lack of conscious virtue, he had sought that amiable quality in vain in the London that huzzaned "the absent-minded beggar". It would be for the good of mankind, he would conclude, to have our empire together with neighbouring empires and monarchies forthwith cantoned out into numberless petty republics. If thereupon our Radical took heart, and asked the Censor to greet the Little Englander as his long-lost brother, he would get the most unkindest cut of all for his pains by a reminder that his tempestuous enthusiasm in politics was the outward and visible sign of the traitorous heart; and the point would be illustrated by a contrast of the calm gravity of Cato's oration in the Senate House at Utica and the offensive tirades of Sempronius in the same place. He would further be told that the absence of sense and dignity in the Commonwealth sprang from the Radical's own act, in that he had destroyed the balance of orders in the constitution, and created that shameless form of government, a pure democracy, by taking the power from the Sabine farmer, (alias the forty-shilling freeholder) who (save when his parson got into his head some folly concerning passive obedience) believed in virtue and the Whigs, and entrusting it to an urbane mob, clamorous for Panem, Circenses, and khaki.

And thereafter, if any young patrician, well instructed in the more humane letters rushed upon Mr. Spectator as he sauntered once more in the garden of the Middle Temple and begged his counsel, if peradventure there were any way in which youth and noble birth might restore the virtue and liberty of the past, he would but

open his "Cato" and read to him the last words of the old Roman to his son.

"Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues and a rural life,
There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome.
Content thyself to be obscurely good,
Where vice prevails and impious men bear sway
The post of honor is a private station."

Truly the longer that we muse on the splendid rhetoric of "Cato", and remember that those flowing periods were once the rage of the town, Tories no less than Whigs joining to swell the chorus of applause, the clearer does it grow to us that the fashionable doctrine of the evolution from lower to higher is one that in the sphere of political and religious thought must be taken with very serious qualifications. It is impossible to believe for a moment that Addison would have recognised in the political thoughts of say Mr. Kipling or Mr. Watson the matured fruit of his own blossoms. Both would have seemed to him to speak the voice of an age far less refined and civilised than his own.

And the truth is that if the Whig conception of nature and government were sound, the old Horatian tag would serve for us as truly as for the Romans of the Augustan day.

*Ætas parentum peior avis tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosiore.*

It fails to fit us for the reason, that the Whig ideal rested on an untrue view of nature and history. The old Whig saw life "steadily", but he failed to see it "whole". He believed in liberty and by liberty he meant the exemption of a man "from all subjection to another, so far as the order and economy of government will permit". He believed moreover in the goodness of nature with a faith almost as simple as that of the gentle French children in the Indian isle over whom the ladies of the ancien régime shed tears, until the appearance of the natural man in the form of the Jacobin sans culotte gave them more serious cause for lamentation. To make mankind free was therefore the end of human politics. This effected, all would be for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Commerce would flourish, and poets would sing, and the virtuous Whig freeholder on his Sabine farm would quaff his Falernian, and quote his Flaccus at his ease. One thing only need statesmanship fear, the designing craft of those enemies of peace, the king, the priest, the soldier and the demagogue. Therefore the patriot must set up checks, balances and other safeguards, to the end that effective government be made impossible, and that there be no room in the Church for one so like Becket as Wesley, or in the State for one so like Cæsar as Chatham. 'Twas a sure instinct of self-preservation that turned the man in the street to back Farmer George in his struggle against the application of pure Whig principles to the government of our island, for had the Addisonian dream completely remodelled our constitution, verily our Whig lords would long ere our day have had their Pharsalia and Thapsus at the hands of a second Cromwell, or a Prince Charlie, or else the hordes of the Corsican would have re-enacted the tragedy of the Venetian Republic on the banks of the Thames.

To-day to a generation which is slowly learning that society is a developing organism, whose progress such as it is, has been made against the natural inclinations of the great majority, which yearns for a Christianity that will cure the ills of the many rather than satisfy the intellects of the few, which has grown to look on nature as a force that may indeed be subjected to man's use, but is of itself often his bitter and relentless enemy, the religious and political ideas enshrined in Addison's verse and prose are almost incomprehensible. Our age, that craves for a ruler not a critic, finds it more easy to understand the mediæval crusader than the Whig theorist of England's classic day. Nemesis has overtaken the presumptuous philosopher. Self-confident in the light of pure intellect he poured his scorn on the

tradition, the chivalry and the loyalty of the olden time. The kings, the priests, the warriors of yore had been false guides. The secret of the world and life denied to saints and prophets had been revealed to the claret drinkers of the Kitcat Club. For a moment men believed the boast. Now that we know the philosopher's eyes to have been blinded with ignorance and prejudice and his heart to have been almost deaf to compassion or reverence, we have left him to go the way of the "lost causes" and the "dead gods".

Yet if we have rightly bade his philosophy a long farewell, and turned our bark from the perilous course that his imperfect knowledge marked out for her, we have yet a lesson to learn from his clear intellect and his dauntless courage. He looked at all things in the cold light of subjective reason: we are content if others will find us excuses that will confirm our political and religious prejudices. And though we are more pitiful, more sympathetic and often more religious, than was the Whig philosopher, we hold our principles less firmly. The success of the cause he deemed evil never dazzled his eyes or shook his constancy. We only bring to the support of ideals nobler and purer than any of which he ever dreamed, more puzzled intellects, and more timorous hearts.

FAITH.

"I TOLD you," said Hamed-el-Angeri, "of how on a time all beasts could speak, and of how Allah, in his might, and for his glory, and no doubt for some wise cause, rendered them dumb, or at the least caused them to lose their Arabic. Now will I tell you of a legend of the Praised One, who sleepeth in Medina, and whom alone Allah has pardoned of all men."

He paused, and the hot sun streamed through the branches of the carob tree, under whose shade we sat upon a rug, during the hottest hours, and threw his shadow on the sandy soil, drawing him, long of limb, and lithe of pose, like John the Baptist revealed by Donatello in red clay.

Our horses hung their heads, and from the plain a mist of heat arose, dancing and shivering in the air, as the flame dances, waveringly, from a broken gas pipe, lighted by workmen in a street. Grasshoppers twittered, raising their pandean pipe of praise to Allah for his heat, and now and then a locust whirled across the sky, falling into the hard dry grass, just as a flying fish falls out of sight into the sea. "They say," Hamed again began, "that in Medina, or in Mecca, in the blessed days when God spake to his Prophet, and he composed his book, making his laws, and laying down his rules of conduct for men's lives, that many wondered that no nook or corner in all paradise was set apart for those who bore us, or whose milk we sucked, when they had passed their prime."

Besides the Perfect Four, women there were who, with the light that Allah gave them, strove to be faithful, just, and loving, and do their duty as it seemed to them throughout their lives.

One there was, Rahma, a widow, and who had borne four stalwart sons, all slain in battle, and who, since their deaths, had kept herself in honour and repute, labouring all day with distaff and with loom.

Seated in a lost duar in the hills, she marvelled much, that the wise son of Amina, he to whom the word of God had been vouchsafed, and who himself had owed his fortune to a woman, could be unjust. Long did she ponder in her hut beyond Medina, and at last resolved to take her ass, and set forth, even to Mecca, and there speak with God's messenger, and hear from him the why and wherefore of the case. She set her house in order, leaving directions to the boy who watched her goats to tend them diligently, and then upon the lucky day of all the week, that Friday, upon which the faithful all assemble to give praise, she took her way.

The people of the village thought her mad, as men in every age have always thought all those demented, who have determined upon any course, which has not entered into their dull brains. Wrinkled and withered like a mummy, draped in her shroud-like haik, she sat upon her ass. A bag of dates, with one of barley, and a small waterskin her luggage, and in her heart that

foolish, generous, undoubting Arab faith, powerful enough to move the most stupendous mountain chain of facts, which weigh down European souls, she journeyed on.

Rising before the dawn, in the cold chill of desert nights, she fed her beast from her small store of corn, shivering and waiting for the sun to warm the world. Then, as the first faint flush of pink made palm-trees look like ghosts and half revealed the mountain tops floating above a sea of mist, she turned towards the town, wherein he dwelt who denied paradise to all but girls, and prayed. Then, drawing out her bag of dates, she ate, with the content of those to whom both appetite and food are not perennial gifts.

As the day broke, and the fierce sun rose, as it seemed with his full power, the enemy of those who travel in those wilds, she clambered stiffly to her seat on her straw pillion, and with a suddra thorn urged on her ass to a fast stumbling walk, his feet seeming but scarce to leave the ground, as he bent forward his meek head as if he bore the sins of all mankind upon his back.

The dew lay thickly on the scant mimosa scrub and camel-thorn, bringing out aromatic odours, and filling the interstices of spiders' webs, as snow fills up the skeletons of leaves. The colocynths growing between the stones seemed frosted with the moisture of the dawn, and for a brief half hour nature was cool, and the sun shone in vain. Then, as by magic, all the dew disappeared, and the fierce sunlight heated the stones, and turned the sand to fire.

Green lizards, with kaleidoscopic tints, squattered across the track, and hairy spiders waddled in and out the stones. Scorpions and centipedes revived, and prowled about like sharks or tigers looking for their prey, whilst beetles, rolling balls of camels' dung, strove to as little purpose as do men, who, struggling in the dung of business, pass their lives, like beetles, with their eyes fixed upon the ground.

As the sun gradually gained strength, the pilgrim drew her tattered haik about her face, and sat, a bundle of white rags, her head crouched on her breast, and motionless, except the hand holding the reins, which half mechanically moved up and down, as she urged on the ass into a shuffling trot.

The hot hours caught her under a solitary palm-tree, by a half-stagnant stream, in which great tortoises put up their heads, and then sank out of sight as noiselessly as they had risen, leaving a trail of bubbles on the slimy pool. Some red flamingoes lazily took flight, and then with outstretched wings descended a little further off, and stood contemplative, patient as fishers (feathered or tweed-clad), and wrapt in expectation, during the mysteries of their gentle craft.

Then the full silence of the desert noontide fell upon the scene, as the old woman, after having tied her ass's feet with a thin goat-skin cord, sat down to rest. Long did she listen to her ass munching his scanty feed of corn, and then the cricket's chirp, and the faint rustling of the lone palm-trees' leaves lulled her to sleep.

Slumbering, she dreamed of her past life, for dreams are but the shadow of the past, reflected on the mirror of the brain, and saw herself, a girl, watching her goats, happy to lie beneath a bush all day, eating her bread dipped in the brook at noon, and playing on a reed. Then evening came, driving her charges home, to sleep on the hard ground upon a sheepskin, in the corner of the tent. She saw herself a maiden, not wondering over much at the new view of life which age had brought, accepting in the same way as did her goats, that she too must come under the law of nature, and in pain bear sons. Next marriage, with its brief feasting, and eternal round of grinding corn, broken alone by childbirth, once a year, during the period of her youth. Then came the one brief day of joy since she kept goats a child upon the hills, the morning when she bore a son, one who would be a man, and ride, and fill his father's place upon the earth.

She saw her sons grow up, her husband die, and then her children follow him, herself once more alone, and keeping goats upon the hill, only brown, bent, and wrinkled, instead of round, upright, and rosy, as when she was a child. Still, with the resignation of her

race, a resignation such as that of rocks to rain, she did not murmur, but took it all just as her goats bore all things, yielding their necks, almost, as it were, cheerfully, to her blunt knife, upon the rare occasions, when she found herself constrained to kill one, for her food.

Waking and dosing, she passed through the hottest hours, when even palm-trees drooped, and the tired earth appears to groan under the fury of the sun.

Then rising up refreshed, she led her ass to water at the stream, watching him drink amongst the stones, whitened with the salt scum, which, in dry seasons, floats upon all rivers in that land.

Mounting, she struck into the sandy deep-worn track, which, fringed with feathery tamarisks, led out into the plain. Like a faint cloud on the horizon rose the white city where the Prophet dwelt, and as the ass shuffled along, travellers from many paths passed by, and the road grew plainer as she advanced upon her way.

Horsemen, seated high above their horses in their chair saddles, ambled along, their spears held sloping forwards, or trailing in the dust. Meeting each other on the way, they whirled and charged, drawing up short when near, and going through the evolutions of the "Jerid", and then with a brief "Peace", again becoming grave and silent, they ambled on, their straight, sharp spurs pressed to their horses' sides.

Camels with bales of goods, covered with sheepskin or with striped cloth, swayed onward in long lines, their heads moving alternately about, as if they were engaged in some strange dance. Asses, with piles of brushwood covering them right to their ears, slid past, like animated haystacks, and men on foot veiled to the eyes, barefooted, with their slippers in their hands, or wearing sandals, tramped along the road. Pack mules, with bundles of chopped straw, packed hard in nets, or carrying loads of fresh cut barley or of grass, passed by, their riders sitting sideways on the loads, or running at their tails, with one hand on their quarters, seemed to push on their beast, as with the curses without which no mule will move, they whiled away the time. A fine red dust enveloped everything as in a sand storm, turning burnouses and haiks brown, and caking thickly on the sweaty faces of the men.

Nearing the city gates, the crush grew thicker, till at last a constant stream of people blocked the way, jostling and pushing, but good-humouredly after the way of those, to whom time is the chiefest property they own.

Dark rose the crenelated walls, and the white gate made a strange blot of light, in the surrounding brown of plain and roads, and mud-built houses of the town.

Entering upon the cobbled causeway she passed through the gate, and in a corner, squatting on the ground, saw the scribes writing, the spearmen lounging in the twisted passage with their spears stacked against the wall. Then the great rush of travellers bore her as on a wave into the precincts of the town.

She rode by heaps of rubbish, on which lay chickens and dead cats, with scraps of leather, camels' bones, and all the jetsam of a hundred years, burned by the sun till they became innocuous, but yet sending out odours which are indeed the very perfumes of Araby, the blest.

Huts made of canes round which grew castor-oil plants fringed the edge of the great dunghill of the town, and round it curs, lean, mangey, and as wild as jackals, slept with a bloodshot eye half open, ready to rush and bark at anyone who ventured [to infringe upon the limits of their sphere of influence.

She passed the sandy horsemarket, where auctioneers, standing up in their stirrups with a switch between their teeth, circled and wheeled their horses as a seagull turns upon the wing, or starting them full speed, stopped them with open mouth and foam-flecked bit, turned suddenly to statues just at the feet of the impassive bystanders, who showed their admiration but by a guttural "Wah", or gravely interjected "Allah", as they endeavoured to press home some lie, too gross to pass upon its merits, even in that bright atmosphere of truth which in all lands encompasses the horse.

A second gate she passed in which more tribesmen lounged, their horses hobbled, and themselves stretched

out on mats, and the tired pilgrim found herself in a long cobbled street, on which her ass skated and slipped about, being accustomed to the desert sands. In it the dyers plied their craft, their arms stained blue or red, as they plunged hanks of wool into their vats from which a thick dark steam rose, filling the air with vapours as from a "solfatarra", or such as rises from those islands in the west, known to those daring men, "who ride that unwieldy beast, the sea, like fools, trembling upon its waves in hollow logs," and braving death upon that element which Allah has not given to his faithful to subdue. Smiths and artificers in brass, and those who ply the bellows, sweating and keeping up a coil, unfit for council, but by whose labour, and the wasting of whose frames, cities are rendered stable, and states who cherish them set their foundations like wise builders on a rock, she passed.

Stopping, the pilgrim asked from a white-bearded man, where in the city did the Prophet sit, and if the faithful, even the faithful such as she, had easy access to the person of the man, whom God had chosen as his viceregent upon earth.

Stroking his beard the elder made reply, "Praise be to God the One, our Lord Mohammed keeps no state. He sits within the mosque which we of Medina call Masjida n'Nabi, with his companions, talking and teaching, and at times is silent, as his friends think, communing with the Lord. All can approach him, and if thou hast anything to ask, tether thine ass at the mosque door, and go in boldly, and thou wilt be received."

The pilgrim gave "the Peace", and passed along in the dense crowd, in which camels and mules, with horses, negroes, tribesmen, sellers of sweetmeats, beggars and water carriers, swelled the press.

Again she entered into streets, streets and more streets. She threaded through bazaars where saddlemakers wrought, bending the camels' shoulder bones to form the trees, and stretching unshrunk mare's hide over all. Crouched in their booths they sat like josses in a Chinese temple, sewing elaborate patterns, plaiting stirrup leathers, and cutting out long Arab reins which dangle almost to the ground. Before their booths stood wild-eyed Bedouins, their hair worn long and greased with mutton fat, till it shone glossy as a raven's wing. They chattered long for everything they bought. Spurs, reins, or saddle-cloths were all important to them, therefore they took each article up separately, appraised it to its disadvantage, and often made pretence to go away calling down maledictions on the head of him who for his goods wished to be paid in life's blood of the poor. Yet they returned, and, after much expenditure of eloquence, bore off their purchase, as if they feared that robbers would deprive them of their prize, hiding it cautiously under the folds of their brown goat's-hair cloaks, or stowed in the recesses of their saddle bags.

A smell of spices showed the tired wanderer that she approached the Kaiseria, wherein dwell those who deal in saffron, pepper, anise and cummin, assafœtida, cloves, nutmegs, cinnamon, sugar, and all that merchandise which is brought over-sea by ship to Yembo, and then conveyed to Mecca and Medina upon camels' backs.

Stopping an instant where a Jaui had his wares displayed, she bought an ounce of semsin, knowing Abdallah's son had three things specially in which he took delight: scents and food and women, but not knowing that of the first two, as his wife Ayesha said, in years to come, he had his fill, but never of the third. The Kaiseria left behind, she felt her heart beat as she neared the mosque.

Simple it stood on a bare space of sand, all made of palm-trees hewn four-square and mud, with walls of stone and of adobe, and the roof of palm leaves like an Arab hut. Simple and only seven cubits high, and yet a temple in which the pæan to the God of Battles echoed so loudly that its last blast was heard in Aquitaine, in farthest Hind, Irac, in China, and by the marshy shores of the Lake Chad.

As she drew near the mosque not knowing (as a woman) how to pray, she yet continued to utter something which, whilst no doubt strengthening her soul,

was to the full as acceptable to the One God as it were framed after the strictest canon of the Moslem law. Then, sliding down to the ground, she tied her ass's feet with a palmetto cord, and taking in her hand her ounce of semsin as an offering, passed into the court.

Under the orange-trees a marble fountain played, stained here and there with time, murmuring its never-ending prayer, gladdening the souls of men with its faint music, and serving as a drinking place to countless birds, who, after drinking, washed, and then, flying back into the trees, chanted their praises to the giver of their lives.

A little while she lingered and then, after the fashion of her race, which, desert born, cannot pass running water, even if they are being led to death, without a draught, she stopped and drank. Then, lifting up her eyes, she saw a group seated beneath a palm-tree, and at once felt that her eyes had been considered worthy to behold the man whom, of all men, his Maker in his life had pardoned and set his seal upon his shoulder as a memorial of his grace.

As she drew near she marked the Prophet, the Promised, the Blessed One, who in the middle of his friends sat silently as they discussed or prayed.

Of middle height he was and strongly made, his colour fair, his hair worn long and parted, neither exactly curling nor yet smooth, his beard well shaped and flecked with silver here and there, clipped close upon his upper lip; and about the whole man an air of neatness and of cleanliness. His dress was simple, for, hanging to the middle of his calf, appeared his under-shirt, and over it he wore, as it fell out upon that day, a fine striped mantle from Yemen which he wrapped round about him tightly after the fashion of a cloak. His shoes, which lay beside him, were of the fashion of the Hadhramut with thongs and clouted, and his staff lay near to them, and as he spoke, he beat with his left hand upon the right, and often smiled so that his teeth appeared as white as hailstones, new fallen on the grass after an April storm.

Advancing to the group, the pilgrim gave "the Peace", and then, tendering her offering, stood silent in the sight of all the company. Fear sealed her lips, and sweat ran down her cheeks as she gazed on the face of him to whom the Lord of Hosts had spoken, giving power both to unloose and bind.

Gently he spoke, and lifting up his hand, said, "Mother, what is it you seek, and why this offering?"

Then courage came to her, and words which all the Arabs have at their command, and she poured forth her troubles, telling the prophet of her loneliness, her goats, her hut, of her lost husband and her sons all slain in battle, in the service of the Lord. She asked why her sex was debarred from paradise, and if the prophet would exclude Amina, she who bore him, from the regions of the blessed. With the direct and homely logic of her race, she pressed her claims.

Well did she set out woman's life, how she bore children in sore suffering, reared them in trouble and anxiety, moulded and formed their minds in childhood, as she had moulded and had formed their bodies in the womb.

When she had finished she stood silent, anxiously waiting a reply, whilst on the faces of the fellowship there came a look as if they too remembered those who in tents and duars on the plains had nurtured them, but no one spoke, for the respect they bore to him who, simply clad as they, was yet superior to all created men.

Long did he muse, no doubt remembering Kadija, and how she clave to him in evil and in good report, when all men scoffed, and then opening his lips he gave his judgment on the pilgrim's statement of the case.

"Allah", he said, "has willed it, that no old woman enter paradise, therefore depart, and go in peace, and trouble not the prophet of the Lord".

Tears stood in Rahma's eyes, and she stood turned to stone, and through the company there ran a murmur of compassion for her suffering. Then stretching out his hand, Mohammed smiled and said, "Mother, Allah has willed it, as I declared to you, but as his power is infinite, at the last day, it may be he will make you young again, and you shall enter into the regions of the blessed, and sit beside the Perfect Ones, the four, who of all women have found favour in his sight."

He ceased, and opening the offered packet, took the semsin in his hand, and eagerly inhaled the scent, and Rahma, having thanked him, stooped down and kissed the fringes of his striped Yemen mantle, and straightening herself as she had been a girl, passed through the courtyard, mounted on her ass, and struck into the plain.

R. B. CUNNINGHAME GRAHAM.

THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.

WHEN I was writing lately about our need being less stars and booms than a steady flow of good humdrum concerts and opera performances, which folk would go to as a matter of course of an evening as they do the theatre and music hall, it did not occur to me that the Promenade Concerts were hard upon us. But here is Mr. Robert Newman with his general prospectus for the season and the entire programme of his first night. The first night need not detain us long. It opens with a well-known German melody called in England "God Save the King"; this is followed by familiar things of Wagner, Tschaiakowsky and Grieg; and English composers are represented by songs of Messrs. Sullivan, Hadow and German. A better choice could hardly have been made; and those who find themselves in Queen's Hall to-night will certainly see a vast multitude in a state of intense enjoyment. Of more interest to me, however, than opening nights of this sort is the general plan of the season. Here are Mr. Newman's own words:—

"In regard to the arrangement of the programmes the plan of Special Composer Nights which has proved so acceptable will again be adopted, i.e.:—Part I. on Mondays will be devoted to 'Wagner'; on Wednesdays, chiefly to 'Tschaiakowsky'; on Fridays, to 'Beethoven' and 'Mozart'; while the Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays will be of a Miscellaneous or Popular nature."

There can be no objection to this arrangement provided that popular pieces do not over-run the programmes of the miscellaneous nights. This is important for several reasons. In the first place to those of us who know our Wagner well a Queen's Hall Wagner night is in a sense a popular night. It is music the populace wishes to hear, and Mr. Newman is more than justified in ensuring the financial success of his concerts by giving a good deal of it. But we who have attended the opera much—I don't mean the London opera, for there is none—find the incessant repetition of familiar excerpts a little trying. The finest music can be heard too incessantly in a given period; and it must be remembered that these Wagner arrangements are for the most part not—in the concert-room—Wagner at his finest, but only make-shifts. A Wagner night is then, I say, for a large number of people a popular night. The Tschaiakowsky nights are also in this sense popular, though chiefly because the Queen's Hall Tschaiakowsky repertory, while very creditable to Mr. Wood and the Queen's Hall orchestra, is a comparatively limited one. And Tschaiakowsky can scarcely be expected to wear as well as Wagner—in fact to play too much of him seems to me killing the goose that lays the golden eggs. After all, is not this composer "night" business a mild form of the star and booming system?

If it is, the form is so very mild that it cannot do any harm: the dead stand in no need of a boom; they have tasted the bitter cup and peace has overtaken them as a flood, and the most terrific boom cannot hurt them; if they cannot gain anything, neither, in the long run, can they lose. Indeed it is not my affair to-day again to run amok at the boom system. What I want is to protest against the division of the Promenades into one-man nights and popular nights, and to plead for the reservation of a certain number for the ordinary humdrum concerts to which people will go with the simple and exclusive purpose of enjoying themselves. It is at such concerts that the great men can be most truly appreciated; and, besides, it is at such concerts Mr. Newman can best do the useful work of enabling us to test the work of living men. There is quite a large number of foreign and English composers, all working with their whole might, and not one of

them can get his boom—and little good would it do him if he could. Take Strauss, for instance: his music may be good or bad; but it will never be appreciated in this country if it can only be heard at special festivals with special conductors from abroad. Again, there are our own men: single performances of their works are a waste of time; but to hear them frequently at Promenade miscellaneous concerts would be useful indeed. I want to be able to drop in and hear something by MacCunn, Duncan, Delius, Marshall Hall, and judge how it stands amongst the masterworks—whether it can hold up its head or whether it slinks away, ashamed of its own nothingness, as do the achievements of our Academics. The Promenades, rightly used, might easily become associated in history with a genuine revival of English music; and I don't believe the experiment would ruin Mr. Newman.

Now that everyone has left London for the sea-side, the moors, the North Pole, and elsewhere in search of fresh air, fine weather and health, presumably some of the millions who remain behind are grumbling because they cannot also take the wings of the dove or a railway train. In one respect they are luckier than those who now find themselves at holiday resorts. That respect is music. The stay-at-homes have the Proms: the holiday-makers have to put up with goodness knows what manner of abominations. I always get away to my lonely village where there is no music save what I make myself; but a German band in a London street offers us the song of the angels compared with the villainous noises to be heard by shore and stream in England. Here where I rest for the moment I have broad green fields on one side; trees are on two sides of the summer-house where I write; the mighty river flows before my eyes. The weir sends out its everlasting roar; the wind is in the trees; the birds twitter querulously; and all is peace. One sometimes goes to town, quarrels with justly enraged editors all day long, and returns at eventide. The air has a rich flavour in the mouth; the stillness calms the exasperated spirit; and everybody and everything is forgiven—with a last touch of regret, as for our enemy who insists on being friendly, one almost forgives oneself. Suddenly one of those horrible inventions known as a steam-launch comes by. It is neither an honest sea boat in which you can sail or row, nor a big steamer in which you can at least stretch your legs; but it is laden with beanfeasters, and the tin-pot piano bangs, the guitars and banjos jangle, the unmelodious cornet shrieks, and harsh voices upraise the vilest tunes from the music-halls—and you wish to goodness you were in the next world or, for fear of taking risks, at a Promenade concert. The beanfeaster is man's natural born enemy; I believe the original assailant of the Garden of Eden was a beanfeaster; and depend upon it he brought with him a cornet or banjo and drove man to the fatal act which brought death into the world and all our woe. Yet what is even the cornet-blowing beanfeaster compared with the seaside nigger minstrels and brass bands—brass bands, those expensive diabolical devices of speculative builders, noble or other, set up with the intention of making their own fortunes and ruining lovely villages! Happy, happy dwellers in London who have the Promenade concerts to take refuge in; and alas for us whose quiet is broken by the beanfeaster, the dirty sham nigger or the brass band.

JOHN F. RUNCIMAN.

MUTUAL OF NEW YORK.

THE Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has only been established in this country for about sixteen years, yet its name is as familiar here as the best known British offices and the magnitude of its new British business is excelled by only a very few English or Scottish companies. The company came here with a very fine reputation, based upon its work in the United States since 1842. For many years after the foundation of the Society, the rate of interest earned upon the funds was very high and the rate of expenditure very low.

Thirty years ago the expenses were only about 10 per cent. of the premium income. At the present time

they exceed 28½ per cent. Then it was obtaining about 5½ per cent. upon its funds, now the return is £4 3s. per cent. In regard to interest the change was inevitable and the care with which its vast funds amounting to £80,000,000 are invested is so well recognised that its list of securities is frequently used in the States as a reliable guide to sound investments.

The expenditure of the company is another matter. That is within the control of the management, who have deliberately adopted a policy of vast extension, which is inevitably expensive, especially in the United States where the average Life assurance expenses are far higher than here. In our judgment such a policy and so high an expenditure are not best for existing policy-holders, but the managers of the Mutual have proved wholly successful in the policy they have adopted.

The company has reached huge proportions. Its premium income exceeds 10 millions sterling. It pays in claims nearly 4½ millions per annum. The total assurances in force amount to £275,000,000. During last year new policies were issued for more than £42,000,000, which is a larger amount of assurance than any British company except the Prudential carries as the result of years, in some cases centuries, of work. The work which the management set themselves to do they have done with a success that must surpass their most sanguine expectations.

Two things, and two things only, are against the Mutual. Its rate of expenditure is very high and practically all its policies are issued on the Tontine Bonus system. To pay for a bonus which only accrues to those who survive as policy-holders for fifteen or twenty years is a method of speculation which is the exact opposite of Life assurance, but to those who prefer an element of speculation in connexion with their assurance the policies are in many ways attractive.

A large part of the annual report of the company published by the British branch consists of examples of past results under policies, and descriptions of a large variety of plans of assurance. Many of the results are remarkable. Some which illustrate a way of meeting the objections that may be urged against Tontine Bonuses are specially noteworthy. One policy which, for a small extra premium, guaranteed the return of all premiums in event of death during the Tontine period, became a claim by death after fourteen years. The company paid the face value of the policy (£1,000) and in addition £546, being fourteen times the annual premium of £39. Other policy-holders who were guaranteed return of premiums if death occurred within fifteen years survived this period and received excellent results.

Until the last few years the Mutual gave no cash surrender values and the conditions as to paid-up insurance in exchange for policies discontinued were by no means favourable to policy-holders. This however has all been changed and the very liberal conditions applying to the surrender of a policy for cash or for paid-up assurance are among the attractions of the company's policies. This same elasticity and liberality of treatment also apply to the large variety of options available for a policy-holder at settlement. The Mutual of New York does not give better results to its policy-holders than good British offices, but it issues many very attractive policies; it affords complete security for its members; and the managers accomplish with success the task which they set themselves of making the Mutual of New York one of the greatest Life offices in the world.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE NEBULOUS A PRIORI.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Kenchester, Hereford.

SIR,—A chorus of cloudy Professors, representing Cambridge Mathematics, Scottish Metaphysics, and the special Geist of that Fatherland,

"Where Hegel taught, to his profit and fame,
That something and nothing are one and the same",
have come forward to pass a verdict upon a man who

has not yet formulated the subject-matter they condemn. Fortunately, these unimaginative superbities find themselves confronted by a force they have always striven to ignore. When it was proposed to revise the Authorised Version, Oxford was impudently elbowed aside. Result, the Revised Version, that pitiful monument of pedantry! Nevertheless here, as elsewhere, the ultima ratio rests with Oxford, and it is amusing to witness the spectacle of the Oxford Professor of Economy in a few well-selected words simply crushing an aggregate of sophisms based upon a priori reasoning. Artemus Ward had a word for such wisecraces—"Never you prophesy, unless you know!"; and when we are confronted with such miserable vaticinations, as that the slightest variation of our rigid and suicidal fiscal system would inaugurate an epoch of famine, the only possible rejoinder is solvitur ambulando. We have already tried a shilling duty on corn, and that was in part paid by the Colonies, who under Mr. Chamberlain's suggested scheme would be exempt from duty. There was no famine. The price of bread actually went down. By the laws of Cobden and Bright, which alter not, our teeming millions should have been mad from inanition. They teemed—whatever that may mean—but preserved their mental balance and normal repletion.

Enough. I rather fancy that the Oxford Professor has justified his University, himself, and Oriel, the glorious college of which he is fellow. You may ignore, you may revile, you may bawl down Oxford, but sooner or later—too late, it may be—you will have to avail yourselves of her mature judgment. There are exceptions—notably my old friend Thorold Rogers—but as a rule the Oxford Professoriate steers clear of clouds, and is content to argue from verifiable premisses, instead of from nebulous abstractions buttressed by pessimistic predictions. In a general way it is safe to accept the precise contradictory of any proposition advanced by a non-Oxonian professor, and therefore, when a score or more of these learned empirics rush to the charge, you may take it for granted, that they are tilting at windmills. Certes, the champions of an obsolete heresy are welcome to their professorial allies. A cause requiring such support may be regarded as desperate.

COMPTON READE.

GERMAN AND ENGLISH PRICES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Hamburg, 19 August, 1903.

SIR,—A few weeks back I gave you the local quotations here for bread, as wholesome as any I have eaten, and notwithstanding protective duties lower than those prevalent on your side, a mystery which perhaps some Cobdenite freetrader and baker, interested in providing a big loaf for the masses, may solve.

To-day I have another problem, namely milk, combined with bread an excellent food for young and old. Milk is retailed here in good quality, fully as good as any you get in London, at 20 pfennigs per litre, equal to 2'70d. or less than 2½d. per quart, whilst I never heard of anything less than 4d. per quart for a London household. There is a prohibitive duty here on imports of condensed milk, imported free into England.

Now if similar results can be achieved by a protective or defensive tariff, it would surely prove a blessing to many a patient, longsuffering Briton.

I am, Sir, yours very truly,

A. DROEGE.

DUMPING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Wick Court, near Bristol.

SIR,—The following suggestions may possibly interest your mathematical readers.

Let us assume there is free-trade between two countries A and B. Call free-trade F and let the equation for free-trade be:—

$$F=x.$$

Now suppose A puts on protective duties. What can B do to keep the exports and imports on a free-trade basis?

Let us call the duties put on by A q . Then we have

$$F+q=x+?$$

So far as I can see this equation must stand, $F+q$

$=x+q$, if we want to get back to the equation $F=x$.

That is, for free-trade, B must put on the same duties A has put on. This would appear to support Mr. Balfour's ideas of retaliation and justify them from the free-trade view.

But protective duties on food? Hodge eats one pound of bread for his quart of ale, Sir John Falstaff but one ounce for his gallons of sack.

Does not the burden of such duties increase in a direct ratio with the individuals' decrease of income?

Your obedient servant,

MATHEMATICAL TRIPOS.

TRUSTS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Is it quite true that there is more probability of trusts flourishing in a country with protection rather than in one with free trade? When we are faced by the fact that trusts flourish in only one of many protection countries, must we not look to a reason for the fact from the particular circumstances of the particular country, rather than from any more or less universal system like that of protection?

Trusts, I submit, are only a particular form of a general change in trade which is equally affecting the whole world. And this change has arisen from the comparative destruction of variations in—what may be termed—the space-value of capital.

Bullion can now be transferred from one place to another at far less cost than formerly. Besides this there is telegraphic communication. Suppose, for example, A. has one million in gold bullion in England. For the payment of $\frac{1}{3}$ in the rupee he can get a telegraphic transfer for silver in India. With this small difference A.'s capital is as available 6,000 miles from England as in England itself. Extending the example we find that a million of gold in any one country is practically available as capital for trading in any other country.

Now any system of trade must follow the line of least resistance—of least cost. So, naturally, the human management of capital becomes centralised: whereas, in the past, we found men acting as principals in trade all over the world, now we find principals in centres and mere agents distributed over the world. Again, we find the profits of any trade tending to be centred in the hands of a few with many agents at fixed salaries instead of, as formerly, being distributed over the world amongst many principals.

This change, I think, has affected free-trade England quite as much as it has affected protection countries. I am only personally acquainted with Karachi—the third largest port in India. There, all small traders have been blotted out, trade is centred in a few firms and, I believe, even those few firms are represented in Karachi itself not by partners but mere agents. Is not the same true for Bombay, Calcutta? What as to the tendency in other great centres of trade in our Empire?

If this change has taken place and is aggrandising, is it not of far greater danger to the community at large than the subjection to Trusts? Is there not a tendency in free-trade England for private initiative to be destroyed, not for the benefit of the community at large but so that the many are made paid servants of the few?

But Trusts? Admit the evil. The evil has already begun to cure itself. I affirm that Trusts are travelling towards the same goal as Trade-unions and co-operative endeavour and that they are travelling far more quickly and surely.

With Trusts the individual rage for personal wealth is largely swamped in community of interest. There must be the best work; and, once rage for personal wealth is assuaged, the simple truth is apparent that the man who works with material interest in the profit of his work must be a better workman than he who is engaged at a fixed wage, to work at that out of which he can gain no material profit. Personal rage for personal wealth is the one and only veil to this great truth.

Trusts must evolve on natural lines. Already the

principle of partnership for employes is recognised and acted on in, I think, more than one great Trust in the United States. The principle must make its way till recognised and acted on throughout the States. By the force of sheer competition it must succeed.

By the quickening throughout the world of communication by land and sea, by the action of the telegraph, the power of capital has grown to be ubiquitous. Certain results necessarily follow which have nothing to do with fiscal policy. These results are at the present time affecting free-trade England quite as fully as they affect protection countries. Trusts themselves if an evil are but a passing evil—a Slough of Despond that Christian must pass on his way.

Your obedient servant,
F. C. CONSTABLE.

THE STATE OF RECRUITING.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

29 July, 1903.

SIR,—The present condition of recruiting is my excuse for troubling you with this letter. This condition has been brought about by successive Governments failing to recognise the changed conditions of the working classes during the last twenty-five or thirty years. In 1876 when wages were lower and provisions of all kinds dearer the terms offered to recruits were better than those of the present time.

The present pay of a recruit on joining and until he is efficient and of the age of 19 is 1s. 6^{gd}. against 1s. 2^d. in 1876. As in 1876 he has now to meet the following monthly charges.

Dr. and Cr. account of a recruit for a month (30 days):—

Cr.	£	s.	d.
By 30 days pay at 1s. a day	1	10	0
	£1	10	0
Dr.	£	s.	d.
To 30 days messing at 3 ^d . a day	0	7	6
30 days washing at a ½ ^d . a day	0	1	3
extra food purchased at the rate of at least 3 ^d . a day	0	7	6
boots repairing	0	0	6
upkeep of kit	0	1	0
library	0	0	2
barrack damages	0	0	3
incidental expenses such as shoe blacking, pouch blacking, soap, chalk, &c. &c. with occasionally a chamois leather and a burnisher	0	1	0
balance credit	0	10	0
	£1	10	0

He is thus left with about 4^d. a day with which to purchase tobacco beer postage stamps tram fares &c. The public food allotted him namely 1 lb. of bread and ½ lb. of meat is precisely the same as in 1876 but its value is less. Even after he becomes eligible for the messing allowance of 3^d. per diem some nine twelve or eighteen months after joining his position is not better than that of the recruit of 1876 because (1) a 1^s 3^d. per diem of this was taken from the deferred pay in 1898 (2) because the lodging allowance of 4^d. a day when on furlough has been discontinued and (3) because he has no longer the right to say in what manner the canteen profits shall be applied. In these circumstances there seems to be no alternative but to go on turning over the flotsam and jetsam of the nation; for great as is the martial spirit in certain sections of workmen, it is hardly likely that they will tumble over each other in their haste to grasp such pinchbeck rewards.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HENRY KING.

P.S.—I ought perhaps to state that when I was serving in 1872 I was in hospital for nineteen days as the result of the vaccination I had been ordered to undergo and I received my full pay for that period: a recruit going into hospital at the present time from this or any other cause forfeits 7^d. a day for every day he is there.

MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—My letter, for which you kindly found room three weeks ago, was prompted by the recollection of the grave injustice perpetrated last year by the Merchant Taylors' Company and Mr. Nairn, to which Mr. Page and Mr. Anderson have referred. You appear to have forgotten it, or to differ in your estimate of it from a very large and important section of the press and the mass of the scholastic profession.

You say, "It is impossible to correct all our correspondent's misstatements", and at once proceed to credit me with saying what I did not say. I did not say that there were 530 boys in the school when Mr. Nairn came, but that they now number under 440 as compared with 530 in Dr. Baker's time, and that the fall in numbers was greater than that stated in your article. Again, I did not say that the average number of scholarships gained in Dr. Baker's time was twenty or twenty-two, but that those numbers were reached, and I implied that Mr. Nairn's fourteen was nothing to boast of. Your quotation from Sir John Gorst's speech "confutes" no "misstatements" of mine. The Board of Education, it is true, "has formed no opinion at all" on the question whether the school is in trust or not. I said nothing about the Board, but I did say, and I now repeat, that the Endowed Schools Commissioners refused to accept the Company's view, but believing that the school was being conducted satisfactorily left the legal question undecided. All the same, they made some suggestions as to the management of the school—which was an impertinence if the school was a private institution—and placed it among the nine (afterwards eleven) Public Schools.

You ask, "Why abuse the class-rooms?" Well, your article made rather a point of this feature, and it seemed to me that a word concerning it was not out of place. I might now say that you should have given the number as twenty-three instead of thirty.

I need not repeat what I said about the New Method, as I see that my statement has been confirmed by another correspondent. Fuller information enables me to say that ten boys from the school went in for London Matriculation this June, and all ten were rejected! So much for the "new broom" policy.

I respectfully ask you, Sir, what misstatements on my part you have "confuted"?

Yours,

OLIM E MERCATORIBUS SCISSORIBUS.

"SCIENTIFIC" BIRD DESTRUCTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Rochester and County Club.

SIR,—I wish to corroborate Colonel L. Howard Irby's letter which appeared in your paper a few weeks ago, for I know enough of the egg-collector never to wish to see one iota of the Wild Birds Protection Acts relaxed in his favour, but rather to see their provisions stringently enforced against him—unfortunately a most difficult thing to do. Only too often he is an unmitigated evil, and stops at nothing when the collecting mania is on him.

For whom too does the paid egg-snatcher work, and the gamekeeper with his infinite opportunities of destruction of birds and their eggs? It is to be hoped that people are yearly becoming more suspicious and jealous of collectors, and are beginning to stand up for their rights in wild birds. I think recent legislation shows this. A month ago I came across a man in a Western county who is employed by a well-meaning society to protect the eggs of a certain rare bird. This wretch, who calls himself a variety collector, has, it appears, for two years and more been robbing the county of many of its rarest birds' eggs, whilst very indifferently protecting those especially confided to his care.

The variety collector of eggs is a man who will take ten, twenty, fifty, any number of eggs of the same kind of bird, provided they differ one from another in size, colour, or marking. Can anything be more reprehensible? Is it for such that the provisions of the Acts should be relaxed?—Yours faithfully,

FRANK C. H. BORRETT.

EPITAPH.

THE field where men for little trophies vie,
The hollow acclamation lightly won,
Allured him not; he loved the quiet sky,
Wide spaces, and the universal sun.

His spirit, native to the mountain air,
Stumbled through marshy valleys down to death;
Broken in frame, he smiled to cheat despair
And strove to sing with thin, impeded breath.

He lies beneath; in life he vainly tried
To breathe large notes upon a flute too slim;
Unuttered raptures filled him till he died;
Pray for his soul; his songs are dead with him.

J. E. BARTON.

REVIEWS.

DR. BRIGHT AND HIS LIFE-WORK.

"The Age of the Fathers, being Chapters in the History of the Church during the Fourth and Fifth Centuries." By the late William Bright. Two volumes. London: Longmans. 1903. 28s. net.

"Select Letters of William Bright, D.D., Regius Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of Oxford; Canon of Christ Church". Edited by B. J. Kidd. With an introductory Memoir by F. G. Medd. London: Wells Gardner. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

NO one who had ever seen anything of the work of the late Professor of Ecclesiastical History at Oxford could fail to realise how valuable it was; and no one who had ever met him could fail to love him. He had done noble service in more ways than one, apart from his chosen life-study of Church history. He was a sound and able theologian; a stalwart defender of the English Church, which never possessed a more devoted son, against attacks from various quarters. He enriched devotional literature by his translations of prayers and hymns from the liturgies, and in particular by his volume of "Ancient Collects", which has probably had a larger effect, directly and still more indirectly, than anything of the kind since the Reformation. A poet of no mean order, he excels even more as an hymnologist. Nor was he one of those who disappoint us, when we compare their character with their attainments. His personality was more and not less striking than his public work. He was a man of singular personal charm and most saintly life: an inspiring teacher and a delightful friend. His keen humour and his independence of judgment, his extreme diffidence together with his impetuosity of manner, his chivalrous defence of unpopular truths and his burning eloquence in favour of every good cause that was not sufficiently supported, will long live in the memory of all who knew him. The words which he himself has left behind are strikingly true of William Bright:

"His own true self he ne'er survives
Who strikes a root in other lives."

It is with his work as an ecclesiastical historian however that we are at present more particularly concerned. Regarded from this point of view, his death has removed from us a scholar of a type which is unfortunately rarer than it was, both at home and abroad. At the present day, as we are all aware, historical and theological study is becoming increasingly analytical in its methods. Documents are being subjected to a minute scrutiny of a kind which was never before attempted, and which was never even possible before. Nothing may be taken for granted; and indeed the tradition commonly accepted in the Church is submitted to a revision which is all

the more searching because it has been so long and so unhesitatingly accepted. Every fact must be duly authenticated; and then, and then only, the historian may pass to the more important task of endeavouring to reconstruct the life to which they belong, and to "make these dry bones live". This being so, a more or less intimate knowledge of German is indispensable for the historical or theological student, because Germany has produced at once the most elaborate and painstaking students of minutiae, the most audacious artists in guesswork, and the most brilliant leaders in the task of reconstruction. Moreover, such work has become and is daily becoming more highly specialised. Nobody can lay claim to more than a very general knowledge excepting over a very limited period; and the students who have done most in the way of actual research have as a rule been those who have worked within a strictly limited range of subject-matter. The time will doubtless come again for synthetical work, and for the collection and presentation in a concise, or at any rate simple, form of the results which have been and are being laboriously collected and verified. But it has not come yet. There are comparatively few good text-books on ecclesiastical history, and few persons who are able to supply the deficiency: most of what we have are either bald and jejune re-assertions of antiquated generalisations and worn-out commonplaces, or else one-sided and scrappy attempts to summarise, all in vain, the results of a process which is as yet incomplete. Our scholarship, in a word, is scientific as it never was before; but we are not yet in a position to gather up the results which it is rapidly bringing to our hands.

With this newest scholarship of the present day Dr. Bright had comparatively little sympathy; and his methods were not as a rule those which are now most in vogue. He could indeed, on occasion, do excellent pieces of critical and grammatical work: witness his excellent "Notes on the Canons", which many competent judges regard as his most permanently valuable work. His geographical knowledge, too, was extraordinarily wide and accurate. But his was not the coldly critical temper. With all his wide charity and transparent candour, he was incapable of considering any question, theological or historical, apart from his own deep convictions and the judgment of the Church whose devoted son he was. He was, unlike Von Ranke, a churchman first and an historian afterwards. His reading of German was comparatively insignificant, and he was habitually though half playfully impatient when his attention was directed to any of the ever-increasing flood of German monographs in which particular questions are either carefully thrashed out or laboriously involved in clouds of uncertainty. On the other hand, his knowledge of the Fathers, the Concilia, and the writings of the older historians was extraordinarily wide and profound; and in this respect he stands without a rival. In fact, he really has more in common with the giants of a former day, with Fleury and Wharton, Tillemont and Mabillon, than with the ordinary run of scholars of our day. The Fathers were his intimate friends; the Councils were events within his own experience; the heresies of early days were forms of thought which he had faced for himself, thrashed out in detail, and rejected because he had himself found them wanting. Like Tillemont and Fleury, his judgment was occasionally at fault because he read into the records of a former age the ideas and the presuppositions which belonged to his own. Like them also, he sometimes fails to discern important features in the landscape before him because of his very familiarity with it. Nevertheless, his general knowledge of the facts is unrivalled in our day; and we must go to the pages of writers such as those to whom we have referred to find anything to compare with it. In the detailed investigation of particular points there may be not a little to seek; the past may sometimes be seen through the medium of orthodox tradition; but in all that concerns a presentment of the facts in their general proportion, or the reproduction of the whole atmosphere of early Church life, it would be hard to find a better guide than Dr. Bright.

The books before us reflect such a character as we

have endeavoured to depict. "The Age of the Fathers" represents, in their final form, the lectures which have delighted generations of students at Oxford, with the ever-growing enrichment that they received at the hands of an author who never grew weary of absorbing or of imparting knowledge. It was still incomplete when Dr. Bright passed to his rest; and the preparation for the press has been well carried out by Mr. C. H. Turner and Dr. Lock. As a whole, the work is excellent. It is detailed, graphic, and interesting; it is well proportioned, full of insight, and faithful to the spirit of the age. But we read it with a sort of feeling that it ought to be printed in two or three folio volumes instead of in some eleven hundred octavo pages; and when we wish to know the authority for any statement we are compelled to seek elsewhere the references for which, alas! no place has been found in these volumes.

The other work mentioned at the head of this article is hardly less welcome. Dr. Bright was a great letter-writer; and none who have been privileged to share his correspondence will easily forget either the letters themselves, which might seem to have been written with a skewer and the dregs of a pond, or the rich stores of advice and erudition which they conveyed. It was a good idea to publish a selection of them. We could wish indeed that a little more reticence had been displayed in preparing them for the press. Dr. Bright's style was occasionally pointed to the verge of bluntness; and his judgments, with which as a rule we are in entire agreement, are sometimes a little too vigorously expressed to be made public in this way. On the whole, however, Mr. Kidd has done his work well. The memoir, too, which is the work of one of Dr. Bright's oldest friends, is touchingly simple and direct. We miss indeed, as was perhaps inevitable, any attempt to gauge the value of Bright's work, but there is not a word in what is said that we could wish away. We cannot help feeling sorry, however, that no attempt has been made to supply in the bibliography a list of his occasional contributions to magazines, and especially to the "Church Quarterly Review". These, we believe, were fairly numerous; and although in some cases they were worked up into other writings, it certainly was not always the case. We may perhaps be allowed to express the hope that even now it may not be too late for such a fuller bibliography to be attempted.

"DUSTY DEATH."

"Mont Pelée and the Tragedy of Martinique." By Angelo Heilprin. Philadelphia and London: Lippincott. 1903. 15s. net.

IN 1883 the world was startled by the paroxysmic explosions of Krakatoa, a practically forgotten volcano off the western coast of Java. From May to August of that year the island had given signs of activity, and formed an instructive spectacle for pleasure parties steaming from Batavia. At the end of August, the whole lower ground of the island was blown as fine dust into the air; a destructive wave was hurled by the explosion upon the land; and thirty thousand persons perished in a night of storm.

It was hardly to be expected that a single generation would witness a second catastrophe of such appalling magnitude. Those who compare the surface of our planet with that of the scarred and fissured moon have assured us that violent volcanic action belonged to the early order of events. Our earth has since been moulded by rain and rivers, by summer heat and winter frost; the craters and lava cones produced by its first scintillations, when the crust was thin and distorted by internal tides, have been worn down, and lie buried in the products of their own decay. In any case, we have no trace of the alleged primordial activity. Evidences of volcanic action abound, now in one region, now in another, from the days of the earliest trilobites down to our own; and it would be hard to prove that the outbursts have decreased in intensity through the long eras marked by the presence of life upon the globe. The centres of action shift, and that is all; Wales becomes extinct, and the South of Scotland breaks out in a multitude of

cones; later, the seas of Tyrol are invaded by flows of lava; later still, the wide area from the Farøe Islands to Galway is literally deluged by basaltic floods, which obliterate hills and valleys, and which still impress their character on the landscapes of Antrim and the Hebrides. Then our existing continents began to take shape and grow, and lines of volcanoes can be traced in connexion with the rise of mountain-chains. Many of their cinder-cones and lava-flows, like those of Central France, are still so well preserved that it is hard to realise the probability that they are older than all recorded human history. Professor Suess has pointed out how volcanoes commonly break out on the inner side of a bow-shaped mountain chain; the range rises along a line of movement in the heaving crust of the earth, and the molten matter is squeezed out, or is forced out by steam, on the margin of a corresponding region of depression. The explosive vents mark, then, dangerous regions in the crust; on one side of the volcanic line, the ground may hold its own; on the other, it is cracking, breaking, and falling in. As an example Suess cited the Caribbean Sea, with its row of volcanic isles, set along the line of fracture which bounds it on the east. The arrangement reminded him of the volcanoes that flank the Apennines, and form the active zone of Europe in our own time. Just as Vesuvius, after long tranquillity, destroyed in a day the cities on its southern flank, so Mont Pelée of Martinique, eighteen hundred years later, has amply justified the comparison of Professor Suess. The victims of Krakatoa perished in the huge sea-waves that swept across the Sumatran and the Javan coasts; those of Mont Pelée were blasted out of existence in one great whirl of incandescent dust. No human tragedy of which the tale has reached us equals that of S. Pierre in its absolute horror and completeness.

Those who recollect the first tidings in the newspapers of 9 May, 1902, and who do not wish to live lightly and forget, will find in Prof. Heilprin's book an accurate and permanent record. Although the reports of various expeditions are still in course of preparation, the author's chapter on "the phenomena of the eruption" will remain as the work of a trained geologist, who writes from the closest personal observation. Like Messrs. Tempest-Anderson and Flett, who have contributed their preliminary paper to the Proceedings of the Royal Society of London, he has witnessed the repetition of the phenomena that, in two minutes, destroyed thirty thousand lives in Martinique. The two English writers have described the descent of a black volcanic dust-cloud on 9 July, flowing down instead of rising from the mountain-side, and made all the more terrible by "innumerable lightnings" playing through it. Prof. Heilprin, after his courageous ascent of Mont Pelée on 30 August, experienced the terrific night-display that culminated in the destruction of Morne Rouge. Two thousand more of the inhabitants of the island were killed by scorching and suffocation in this second blast of death, nearly four months after the annihilation of S. Pierre. The author, whose life had been in danger a hundred times during the bombardment of the previous day, was now called on to help the hapless survivors, writhing in agony amid the ruins of their ash-grey villages. Here, as at S. Pierre itself, no evidence of a burning gas was found; the cloud of intensely heated steam and volcanic dust had penetrated at every crevice, to the exclusion, as we may conclude, of the ordinary air. Such a substitute for the atmosphere scorched the throat and lungs, and shrivelled the skin from the baked flesh; yet there was no combustion, for dry palm-thatching remained intact, and the clothes of the victims were not charred. Such, in brief, was the manner of death dealt out in the tragedies of Martinique; such was the enemy with which Captain Freeman battled when he steamed the immortal "Roddam" safe from the furnace of S. Pierre. Professor Heilprin sees, moreover, many resemblances between the condition of the city after the eruption and that disclosed by excavations at Pompeii. While his descriptions appeal to all as a piece of living history, they will raise interesting questions for the archaeologist as well as the geologist.

The mechanism of the descending dust-blasts of the

Antilles yet awaits an explanation. Dr. Edward Divers, in the pages of "Nature", has made the noteworthy suggestion that the steam of the cloud was set free from the surfaces of the individual dust-particles, the whole mass thus cohering, and rolling almost as a liquid. Leaving aside this problem, we may congratulate Professor Heilprin on his unfailingly vivid treatment of his subject. If his headings and titles here and there suggest the journalist of the hour, we can readily forgive those attached to such fine photographs as "the silent city" and "the evening glow on Pelée's pennant". He writes under the very pressure of events; he is the correspondent of forces more terrible than those of war. Moreover, no high and princely recognition waits for the man of science who risks his life that all may learn. He may perish in the fever-swamps, the victim of some brave experiment; or amid the Asian sand-dunes, a unit in a shattered caravan. Professor Heilprin, on the crumbling rim of Pelée, with "bombs and boulders coursing through the air", stands among those who, being men, have dared to look Nature in the face.

THE OXFORD DICTIONARY.

"The Oxford English Dictionary on Historical Principles." Edited by Dr. Murray. Sections of Vol. VI. (Lief—Lock). By Henry Bradley. 5s. Vol. VII. (Onomastical—Outing). By James A. H. Murray. 5s. Vol. VIII. (Q). By W. A. Craigie. 2s. 6d. Oxford: At the Clarendon Press. 1902-3.

THE great Dictionary is proceeding with all its wonted precision, but at increased speed. It has added a third strand to the cable that carries it on, and Mr. Craigie now takes his place as an editor side by side with Mr. Bradley. The work thus goes on in three separate offices with separate staffs, under the supreme direction of Dr. Murray, who is himself solely responsible for the double section of Vol. VII. published on 1 April, while Mr. Bradley edits Vol. VI. which has reached the word Lock, and Mr. Craigie has brought out the whole of the letter Q. When these three volumes are completed, there will remain but two more to bring this immense undertaking to a successful close. In short we are really in sight of the end, which a few years ago seemed so remote as scarcely to be measurable. Dr. Murray and his able co-editors and assistants are indeed to be congratulated most cordially on the rapidity and punctuality which they have instilled into the complicated machinery that steadily and methodically grinds out the fruits of a vast field of patient labour and research. Such slight irregularities as were inevitable in the earliest parts have now disappeared: the machine works with perfect smoothness and uniformity. To criticise the methods and principles of the Dictionary at this time of day would be useless: it has long vindicated its position as the most complete and accurate English dictionary arranged on historical principles, and those who seek for an academic standard of good English must make their own selection: for they will find good and bad alike in these comprehensive pages. For instance if there is one phrase that fastidious writers now particularly abhor it is "like he did", which many people say, some people write, but educated folk anathematise. They anathematise it; but the Dictionary, we have to admit, shows that there is authority for this anacoluthic abbreviation of "like as". Lord Berners about 1530 wrote "Ye have said lyke a noble lady ought to say"; Shakespeare (in "Pericles", it is true) "Like an arrow . . . hits the mark"; Southey "He talks like Brunswick did"; and to come to quite modern writers, William Morris has "like I used to dread Sunday", and so scholarly a writer as J. Cotter Morison uses the phrase "like the English Parliament was". These authorities are not strengthened by a final quotation from J. K. Jerome. "Locate" is a word which we are accustomed to tabu as Yankee; but it has the imprimatur of such diverse writers as Harriet Martineau, Marryat, and Cardinal Newman, though there appears to be no

earlier example of its use in the sense of "to be settled or stationed" than Cumberland's "Memoirs" of 1807.

The portion of the vocabulary included between Lief and Lock is notable for the abundance of words of Germanic etymology, such as life, lift, light, like, line, lithe, little, load, loaf, with their numerous derivatives; it includes but four Celtic words, linn, lis, listred, and loch; and hardly any Oriental, African, or American derivatives, except the Chinese likin, the Indian lingam, the Peruvian llama, and the Persian lilac—the old pronunciation "laylock" seems to come through the Turkish. Under "life" = little there might have been a reference to Swift's Journal to Stella, and surely the origin of the term "Limerick" for a top-shelf nonsense-verse could have been more definitely traced. Here we are told that it is "said to be from a custom at convivial parties, according to which each member sang an extemporised 'nonsense-verse', which was followed by a chorus containing the words 'Will you come up to Limerick?'" Dr. Murray does not give an example of these products of convivial parties, and the Dictionary is the poorer for the omission; but we can appreciate his reasons.

In Q on the other hand there are hardly any Germanic or native words, though quacksalver, quake, quart, queen, quell, quench, quern, quick may be noted, besides a number of onomatopoeic words, such as quag, quaver, quiver, and probably quaff and quandary (a "low word" according to Johnson) for which no etymology has so far been found, any more than for Devonshire quarendens or quarenders. Of course the majority of Q words are from the Latin, many of which have been adopted unchanged, such as quare, quantum, quarto, quondam, quorum. Under quarto, by the way, we should have wished a list of quarto sizes, and also the explanation should be added that the term is now often applied to books of a squarish shape although the paper be not folded in four. Under quadrat we miss the technical abbreviation \boxplus . There is an interesting article on Quaker, from which it appears that although Fox's statement that the name was first given to his followers by Justice Bennet at Derby in 1650 "because I bid them tremble at the word of the Lord" was probably correct, the term had already been applied in 1647 to "a sect of women (they are at Southworke) come from beyond sea, called Quakers, and these swell, shiver, and shake, and when they come to themselves (for in all this fitt Mahomett's holy-ghost hath bin conversing with them) they begin to preach what hath bin delivered to them by the Spirit". Justice Bennet had questionless been to Southwark. The Dictionary does not define a "wet" Quaker. Whilst noting the pronunciation of quay to rhyme with to-day, as used by Swift and by Tennyson, it might have been added that this sound is still usual in Dublin and not only among "the baser sort". The history of the qu-sound and spelling is well traced in the introductory article, and especially the curious Scottish and northern spellings qhat, qheche, Qhythsontyd (Whitsuntide), and contrariwise whik and white for quick and quite. Prices must have been cheap when "Some divide the farthing into 2 Ques, the Q into 2 Cees".

In the O section the historical treatment of the adjective pronoun other and the possessive our, the verb ought, the conjunction or, and the adverb or (=before) and out is the most important feature. Dr. Murray points out the remarkable extension of the use of out-, as a prefix to verbs with the force of "surpassing", which began about 1600. Shakespeare was a great patron of these forms and introduced such phrases as "our prayers do out-pray his", "he hath out-villained villainy", "out-frown false Fortune's frown", "out-Herods Herod". "Phrases of this kind," says Dr. Murray, "and indeed out-verbs as a class, were apparently eschewed by Shakespeare's contemporary, Bacon; and it is noteworthy that, while Shakespeare uses fifty-four of these verbs, for thirty-eight of which he is our first, and for nine of them our only authority, we cite Bacon for only two, one of which, indeed, *out-shoot*, had, in those days of archery, been in common use for more than seventy years. The contrast between the language of Bacon and that of Shakespeare in this respect is the more striking, seeing that other contemporary authors, e.g. Ben Jonson, used these out-

verbs almost as freely as Shakspeare himself, without however yielding anything like the same number of first instances". Here is a notable contribution for the library of the Bacon-Shakspeare lunatic asylum.

SIR WILLIAM DES VŒUX AS GOVERNOR.

"My Colonial Service." By Sir William des Vœux. London: Murray. 1903. 2 vols. 24s. net.

IN October next forty years will have passed since Sir William des Vœux got his first chance in the Colonial Service by his appointment as a stipendiary magistrate in British Guiana: it is ten years since he retired owing to ill-health. The thirty years' interval covers a vastly important period of transition in the relations of Great Britain and her colonial dominions. For Sir William des Vœux it was a period of honourable and strenuous labour. As a colonial Governor he achieved some distinction officially, but he was not much known to the average Briton at home. He had not the knack of advertising himself, though he was never diffident in pushing his claims on his superiors in Downing Street. Nor had he a personality which appealed to the imagination like that of a Bartle Frere or a Dufferin. His governments were by no means colourless, but as he was never in dangerous opposition either to the colonists placed in his charge or the home Government his name did not get as frequently into the newspapers as did some others. In Fiji and in S. Lucia, as in his magistrate's days in British Guiana, he generally took the side of the native against the colonist and incurred the displeasure of the whites in consequence. But his reasons were good and sufficient. He regarded most of the whites as intending to use the colony for their own gain till such time as they wanted it no more, when they would abandon it to spend elsewhere the fortune they possibly had made. The native on the other hand was on the soil for the period of his natural life, and was in Sir William's view entitled to more consideration than any mere bird of passage. The only self-governing colony administered by Sir William des Vœux was Newfoundland. He had his own views of the French shore question, and they were not in harmony with either the prejudices or the claims of the colonists. But he soon found that the colonial view was the right one, and frankly admitted his conversion. So persuasive is the logic which can be brought to bear on the constitutional ruler! One wonders whether Sir William des Vœux would have surrendered so easily if he had been the autocrat in Newfoundland that he was in Hong Kong, Fiji and S. Lucia.

There is a general impression among men who have never been called upon to govern a colony that the task is delicate, difficult and exacting in proportion to the size and importance of the colony. Sir William des Vœux regards that as a delusion which the Colonial Office shares. His view would appear to be that it is easier to run the Empire—the aggregate of the colonies Crown and otherwise—than a small colony like say S. Lucia. He tells a story of Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Gregory by way of showing that the Imperial authorities have never properly appreciated the fact. Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister and Mr. William Gregory had just returned from Ceylon where he had been governor. Mr. Gladstone asked when Mr. Gregory, as he then was, intended to publish his "Aristophanes". The reply was "I have of late years been so occupied with public business that I have made very little progress". "How can you say that?" was Mr. Gladstone's rejoinder. "You have only charge of a little island, whereas I in my present position always manage to give one or two hours a day to classical work." Sir William des Vœux is of course convinced that if Mr. Gladstone had been Governor of Ceylon he would have had to give more time to the colony's affairs than he gave to imperial and that Homer and Horace must have been neglected. Sir William certainly makes out a fair general case. "The fact is the work required from a Governor varies rather in inverse than in direct proportion to the importance of what is

governed. The higher the place in the official hierarchy, the more capable as a rule are the subordinate workers; the lower the place, the greater is the amount of drudgery to be undergone by the administrator who is obliged to do much which is ordinarily done by subordinate officers and has also to exercise a much closer supervision over his assistants." The Crown Colony Governor "concentrates in his own person all the power and responsibility which in a Constitutional Colony is shared between the Governor and all his ministers". Like the policeman's, his lot is far from being a happy one. The kicks and criticisms are many and the honours comparatively few. That at least would seem to be the view of one who has spent the greater part of his life at the head of one colony or another. One of Sir William des Vœux's grievances which as he assures us he "is not fond of airing grievances" must be regarded as put forward in the interests of the service to which he belonged, is that the Crown Colony Governor has not readier access to the ear of the Sovereign. "By a custom derived from a time when the colonies were held in slight estimation, Governors of even the most important Crown Colonies did not then have the honour of audiences on appointment whereas Ministers accredited to the least important of foreign Powers had that honour. The day is, I hope, coming, if it has not already come, when the Governor, say, of Ceylon or the Straits Settlements will be held in at least as high estimation as the Minister to Ecuador or Columbia." Queen Victoria decorated Sir William des Vœux with the star, ribbon and badge of G.C.M.G., but said nothing. He hoped, he confesses, to hear her voice and it was no doubt a disappointment that her Majesty did not address a little speech to him on his achievements.

This record of Colonial Service is of many-sided interest. It shows at what risks to health and happiness the administrators of tropical dependencies carry on their work. Sir William des Vœux suffered from various dangerous maladies, met with serious accidents and lost three little sons during his term of office. His pages show that he was always alive to the natural history of any place in which he might find himself. The Guiana forest, with its jiggers, its snakes, and its humming birds, is brought near to us as only those who have come under its strange fascination can hope to bring it to the man who has never been there. In New Zealand Sir William was struck with the manner in which all English life, animal or plant, flourished at the expense of the indigenous article. Just as the European has largely supplanted the Maori, so English rats, insects, plants and grasses have superseded the native varieties. English watercress has become as great a nuisance as the rabbit and actually obstructs some of the rivers: no doubt the weeds and the rodents, like man, as Sir William suggests, merely afford further proof that the fittest will survive. Sir William has not many good stories to tell, though he has naturally witnessed some quaint things in the course of his wanderings. His habit of putting initials or a dash when he wants to say something that might possibly give offence is irritating. The actor's personality is generally of the very essence of an incident, as in that which he relates of Lord Rosebery. Thirty years ago Sir William met a young man at Brooks' whom he did not know. He talked freely on Colonial affairs, seemed to have read all recently-published reports from the colonies, and asked Sir William if he knew anything of a Mr. des Vœux. Naturally astonished to find that he was talking to Mr. des Vœux, he replied when asked his name, "Rosebery". Years afterwards when Lord Rosebery was in Australia Sir William told the story in order to show that Lord Rosebery's colonial enthusiasm was not generated in view of a colonial tour. Perhaps the most amusing incident recorded by Sir William is that connected with the arrival of Sir Arthur Gordon as the new Governor in New Zealand. The Auckland people, anxious to do him particular honour, secured four piebald horses from a circus to drag his carriage to Government House. As the carriage drove up to the door and the band began to play, one horse endeavoured to walk on his hind legs, in the belief that his usual performance was expected of him.

We sympathise with Sir William in his enforced retirement—"the lot of many better men"—but we

have in these two volumes some small compensation for the public loss. They will find a ready place on the now heavily laden shelves specially devoted to colonial biography.

SCULPTURE, ARCHITECTURE, AND CURIOSITIES.

"The Sculptures of the Parthenon." By A. S. Murray. London: Murray. 1903. 21s. net.

DR. MURRAY has here developed a series of lectures delivered to students at the Royal Academy. His learning and caution make him an admirable guide for the student who enters on a subject that has given rise to so much ingenious speculation. The text is amply illustrated, and in particular by means of a folding plate the frieze is given almost entirely as we know it. Carrey's drawings, which are the foundation for the arrangement of the pediment fragments, are given with the metopes added beneath them, and architectural framework supplied. It appears, from a note, that it is no longer certain whether Carrey was the actual draughtsman, for it is possible that his employment by De Nointel was later than the date of those famous sketches.

"A Short History of the Ancient Greek Sculptors." By H. Edith Legge. London: Unwin. 1903. 6s.

Miss Legge is a pupil of Professor Percy Gardner who writes an introduction to this volume and stands sponsor for the trustworthiness of its information. It aims at helping two classes, that of the general visitors to museums who are at a loss to classify and understand what they see, and that of school children, who are often set to draw from casts of Greek sculpture, without explanation of the meaning and origin of the figures. We think Miss Legge's book, with its simple, untechnical style, should prove useful in both respects. It is illustrated, but is intended to be used in conjunction with visits to a museum of casts, or to the museums at home and abroad, that contain originals and copies of the masters.

"Rariora. Being Notes of some of the Printed Books, MSS., Historical Documents, Medals, Engravings, Pottery, &c." Collected (1858-1900) by John Eliot Hodgkin. 3 vols. London: Sampson Low. 1903. £4 4s.

There is a story by the author of "Typhoon" of a castaway from Eastern Europe on the English coast who would have starved but for a farmer who picked him up as a curiosity. The impulse dimly working in that farmer to like rare and outlandish things has reached in Mr. Hodgkin its fullest development. He appears to have cultivated every branch of the curious and on every section of the out of the way to have amassed a wealth of exact information. These volumes, finely printed, and richly illustrated by facsimiles, are an epitome of his collections. To review them in detail would require a learning as various and exact as his own, ranging from early printing to the literature of pyrotechny and the occurrence of freaks of nature in stones that resemble works of art. We must content ourselves with directing attention to Mr. Hodgkin's interesting remarks on printing, illustrated from incunabula in his collection, and assure the lay reader as well as the specialist that this is a storehouse well worth rummaging in.

"The Architecture of Greece and Rome: a Sketch of its Historic Development." By the late W. J. Anderson and R. Phené Spiers. London: Batsford. 1903. 18s. net.

Mr. William J. Anderson, to whose lectures on Greek and Roman architecture in Glasgow the scheme of this book owes its origin, is favourably known to architects by his luminous handbook to Italian Renaissance architecture. He died, unfortunately, before the scheme of the present work was complete, but students will welcome so much of it as was in a state for publication, and the remainder of the book is from the competent hands of Mr. Phené Spiers. Mr. Anderson's work includes the first four chapters, that carry the story

down to the culmination of the art in Athens, and some passages in other chapters. One hundred and seventy-nine illustrations are given, a glossary of terms, and a useful list of selected books. The correction of the text has not been perfect, but the publishers have issued a list of corrigenda.

"Modern School Buildings: Elementary and Secondary." By Felix Clay. London: Batsford. 1903. 25s. net.

We can only briefly notice this very thorough treatise on the planning arrangement and fitting of day and boarding schools. It takes into account all that bears upon the health, convenience and discipline of the pupils, and illustrates the points involved in great detail by diagrams and by examples of existing schools. There are no less than 400 illustrations.

NOVELS.

"The Episodes of Marge: Memoirs of a Humble Adventuress." By H. Ripley Crommarsh. London: Grant Richards. 1903. 6s.

Marge was—except in the matters of falsehood and theft—a very well-conducted young lady. Therefore both the author and the purchaser of the book of her adventures have a legitimate grievance against the execrable taste shown by the publisher in stamping upon the cover a vulgarly suggestive picture libelling the heroine. The purchaser will find when he begins to read something very different from what he was led to expect: the author may very well complain that his work is misrepresented. The "Episodes" are spirited scenes of burglary introducing novel effects, and Marge, an ex-milliner's apprentice who joins a gang of thieves, is daring and amusing—one of those beings with absolutely no conscience and yet saved by a natural refinement from the more obvious vices. Mr. Crommarsh, in fact, has idealised crime in that Bulwer-Lytton spirit castigated by Thackeray's "Catherine". The home life of the gang is perfectly idyllic, and the members are portrayed with humour. But Mr. Crommarsh does not know how to end, and so stops abruptly after a not very successful trespass upon the commonplace love-motive. His heroine, with all her talent, could hardly have blossomed from a village girl into the very presentable young lady whom he depicts.

"The Spy Company." By Archibald Claverling Gunter. London: Ward, Lock. 1903. 6s.

A schoolboy would pronounce this "a rattling good story". And his elders could hardly hit on an apter description. For this tale of the Mexican War rattles along to an accompaniment of cracking revolvers, yelling Comanches, the thud of mustang-hoofs and the "Waughs"—now excited, now philosophic—of Texan scouts. It is a frankly sensational story, but excellent in its kind. Miss Estrella Godfrey, a New York beauty, but Texas-born, finds herself, owing to machinations which shall not be here divulged, practically alone on the Texan frontier, just before the outbreak of the Mexican War. Happily she lights upon a defender and champion in Sharpe Hamilton, captain of Texan Rangers, and—later on—chief of the Spy Company, a band of men whom misfortunes have made anxious to squander their lives. Sharpe was as desperate as any. He loved Estrella, but he believed that a death inflicted by his rifle had made his suit an impossibility. Happily Estrella came up with the Spy Company just in time to show him he was in error. The deception that so nearly parted the lovers is ingenious and novel; and in "Wild Harry", Sharpe's comrade, Mr. Gunter has drawn an original and delightful character.

"The Luck of Barerakes." By Caroline Marriage. London: Heinemann. 1903. 6s.

There is admirable work in "The Luck of Barerakes". The setting, this grey drear land of the dalesman, will be sympathetic to none but those who love it, the rough, stiff dialect has little colour, and the story was certainly not selected for its charm. But the teller makes amends for much that the tale lacks. Here are

not a few of the qualities of really great work. A simplicity of acceptance, a reverence in handling the facts of life, a rare indifference whether or not they square with social theories; a determination to render the thing as it is, even though it be neither picturesque nor contributive; a fine understanding, a comprehensive sympathy; a style which is already clear and strong, and a capacity for making the best use of dialect. It is really by the defects of these qualities that the book misses being as big as it might be. In a most commendable aversion from a tinkering interference the story is left too much to itself. There is enough in it of drama, but the touches are lacking which might have, in modelling the surface, made the tragic significance vertebrate beneath it. As it stands it is most suggestive material; it might have been a very complete achievement. But lacking that supreme adjustment, one is grateful that none other has been attempted.

"Kent Fort Manor." By William Henry Babcock. Philadelphia: Henry T. Coates. 1903. 6s.

This might have been a very good novel, had its author exercised more discretion in the choice of his materials. As it is, the book is overweighted by negligible side-issues. The theme is a great one, the American Civil War; and if a great novel is to be written about that tremendous struggle, it must be more direct, more simple and more homogeneous than "Kent Fort Manor". The needless mystification which Mr. Babcock employs is trivial and vexatious on such a stage; and still more jejune and more foreign to the vital course of the narrative are his studies of insanity. The growth of Ithaca Claiborne's disastrous mania is a mere excrescence, and the story would greatly benefit by its excision. These faults are the more to be regretted because many of the incidents in the tale are excellently done. The struggle between affection and conviction, frequent and poignant as in those days it must inevitably have been, is faithfully depicted in the choice made by Arthur Lloyd when he joined the Northern forces. His cousin Margaret, who sided with the Confederacy, is a heroine worthy of her momentous surroundings. The merits of "Kent Fort Manor" are as undeniable as its defects.

"Idylls of the Gass." By Martha Wolfenstein. London: Macmillan. 1903. 6s.

The "Gass" is the Judengasse in a town which we take to be in Bohemia or Galicia, and the scheme of Miss Wolfenstein's book suggests the influence of Mr. Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto". But it is unusually well written, and by no means an imitation of that work. Gentile readers may fail to appreciate the youthful hero, Shimmelé, a precociously clever Jewish boy with many of the qualities which make his race admirable and unpopular, but no one can withhold sympathy from his old grandmother Maryam, whose ambition it is to train the imp into a great Rabbi. Miss Wolfenstein has a very delicate touch, and a quiet humour: at moments she reminds one of the rare occasions upon which Heine described his race with sardonic affection. The daily life of the Jewish quarter is made vivid. But the quiet days end in a grim tragedy when the cry of ritual murder is raised, and a Slav mob carries havoc into the Judengasse. It is Kishineff in miniature. If this book is a first attempt, its writer has achieved a remarkable success.

"London Roses." By Dora G. McChesney. London: Smith, Elder. 1903. 6s.

Real London roses are stunted and sooty, but these suggest rather the impossible prettiness of a young lady's sketches. Such romantic blossoms suggest a fan; what in a book they do not suggest is reality. That would be no great matter were the atmosphere romanesque; but these creatures of fancy set on the London pavements produce only an irritating parody of things as they are. The ass in the lion's skin may be humorous enough, but the ass in an ass's skin is neither a good donkey nor an acceptable piece of fooling. The little plot which the book has is of a theatrical thinness, and the references to South Africa are illuminated with considerable lack of knowledge. The late war might surely be given a rest as an

accessory in novels, but if it must be dragged in such inaccuracies as the "trim little Vaal bushes" at Magersfontein, and "rough, rambling stoups" might be avoided in describing what the author calls "the splendid indistinguishable mêlée".

"Said the Fisherman." By Marmaduke Pickthall. London: Methuen. 1903. 6s.

This tale of Syria is so diffuse that many will be deterred from reading it, but Mr. Pickthall may retort that he sins in good company. He has certainly built up a very lifelike character and many of his descriptions are remarkably vivid. In his company we almost feel that we have been present at the great Damascus massacre of 1860. He evidently knows his subject well and is admirably accurate in his details, unlike the many hasty scribblers who cannot distinguish between Mashallah! and Inshallah! We hope that his infinite pains may receive due recognition and that we may have the pleasure of reading him again anon.

"Elizabeth's Children." London: John Lane. 1903. 6s.

"Elizabeth's Children" can be commended to those who are fond of the commonplace treatment of unimportant affairs. Save for a certain irritating complacency in its own effects, the book should please those who prefer their fiction even thinner and less arresting than life itself.

PICTS AND SCOTS.

"The Highlanders of Scotland." By W. F. Skene. Edited by Alexander Macbain. Stirling: Aeneas Mackay. 10s. 6d. net.

The origin of the Highland clans is an interesting problem, though one of which it is impossible without more materials than we possess at present to give anything like a satisfactory solution. It is not until a comparatively late period that the Highlands were brought under the Crown of Scotland and within the purview of the historian. Of Caithness and Sutherland before the year 1196, and of Argyle and the Isles before the battle of Largs in 1263 we know little more than the names of chiefs, the order of successive dynasties, and some general facts as to the distribution of contending races. But the foundations of the modern clan system were laid before the earlier of the two conquests by which these provinces were wrested from the grasp of the Norwegian. It is however certain that the Highlands, at the earliest period of which history has any knowledge, were inhabited by a mixed population. Originally they may have been monopolised by that Iberian race of which ethnologists find traces to this day among the inhabitants of the outer Hebrides. But when the period of annalists and biographers begins the Iberians are already submerged beneath invading tribes, and from the Mull of Kintyre to John o' Groat's the mainland and the islands are divided between the Picts and Scots. Of the latter we can say with certainty that they were Kelts of the Gadelic type, and came from Ireland. Over the Pict innumerable controversies have been waged and the most opposite theories as to their origin and affinities have been based on the scanty evidence which we possess about them. The reigning theory is that of Skene, who regarded the Pict as a Gael, and therefore as identical in race and language with the Irish Scot. It has lately received the approval of Dr. Hume Brown and Mr. Andrew Lang, and their authority may be expected to give it a new lease of life. But, to the historian it presents the grave defect of inconsistency with the evidence of Adamnan and Bede, the most trustworthy of our authorities. Bede clearly states that the Picts and Scots spoke different languages; and Adamnan informs us that the difference was so considerable as to make it necessary for S. Columba to use the services of an interpreter in his communications with the Picts. The best of our Celtic philologists believe that Bede and Adamnan were perfectly correct. We are not disposed to pin our faith upon the inscriptions from which Professor Rhys has argued that the Pictish language, so far from being Gadelic, was non-Aryan. These inscriptions, in the words of Mr. Lang, have all the appearance of being not only non-Aryan but non-human. More respect however is due to the views explained by Dr. Macbain, the editor of the book with which we are now dealing. On historic and philological grounds alike Dr. Macbain argues that the Picts, though of a Keltic stock, were neither Gaels nor Brythons, but represented a third division of the race, and spoke a language which differed from the Gaelic in some important points. If we accept this view it follows that the Highlands, at the dawn of the historic period, were peopled mainly, though not entirely, by two sorts of Kelts. However

great may be the influence of race on national development it is unlikely that the institutions of two peoples so nearly related differed much; the extent and the degree of the fusion between Pict and Scot becomes a matter of secondary importance. It is true that from the Mull of Kintyre to the Minch the west coast was in the eighth century of our era chiefly inhabited by the Scots, while in the remainder of the Highlands the Pict enjoyed a similar ascendancy. But the place names of the Pictish districts are in themselves sufficient evidence for the intermixture of the two races in the east; and since the western kingdom of Dalriada was frequently invaded, and more than once half-conquered, by the Pict, it is reasonable to conjecture that there also a certain degree of fusion was accomplished.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

"Jamaica as it is, 1903." By B. Pullen-Burry. London: Unwin. 1903. 6s. net.

Miss Pullen-Burry's volume appears opportunely from one point of view. Jamaica is just now a particular object of interest and sympathy owing to the ruin which the recent cyclone carried in its wake. From another point of view, the hour of publication may prove unfortunate. The volume amounts to an invitation to the Briton at home who finds the rigors of the climate between November and March uncongenial, to make Jamaica his winter resort. Professor Haddon once told the writer that Jamaica was one of the three most beautiful islands in the world, the others being Java and Ceylon. As part of the West Indies it has potential terrors for timid folk who remember Mont Pelée, but the risk of seismic disturbance even in the Antilles is hardly greater than in thousands of other places in the world. The ravages of the cyclone however are an unwelcome reminder that an earthquake is not the only form in which disaster comes to the West Indies. When Miss Pullen-Burry says there is no guidebook to the West Indies she rather implies that hers is intended to be a modified sort of Baedeker or Murray, but it is far from being that. It is a pleasant, undistinguished description of places, people and things, which intending visitors might take with them, but if it is not a Baedeker neither has it the literary charm of a Kingsley or a Froude. She has written the book under the conviction that it is her "bounden duty to enlighten people at home as to the easy accessibility" of a lovely, romantic, neglected part of the British Empire, which one firm alone, the Elder Dempster, are making gallant efforts to open up in the interests of Great Britain in order to preserve it from the somewhat importunate attentions of the Americans. We can only say that Miss Pullen-Burry's enthusiasm is contagious, and if the book is read it should make many who have never contemplated a visit to Jamaica turn their thoughts in that direction, prepared even to brave the possibility of either a cyclone or an earthquake.

"The Land of the Boxers; or China under the Allies." By Captain Gordon Casserly. London: Longmans. 1903. 10s. 6d. net.

A more readable account of China as it appeared to a British officer during the operations of the Allies has not been published. It is capital in the passages descriptive of such places as Wei-hai-Wei, Tientsin, Hong Kong, and Peking. But to the average Briton the feature of the book which will no doubt be most attractive is the writer's superb belief in all things British. He sets down nothing in a jingo or boastful spirit, but enjoys enormously anything that tends to put his countrymen on a higher plane than the foreigner. Probably he never knew a moment of greater satisfaction than when he was able to inform the German officer who said that the Boers at no time had more than 30,000 men against us, that we had between 30,000 and 40,000 prisoners or surrendered men in St. Helena, South Africa, Ceylon and India. And what an admission was that of the German officer who said that the voyage out had brought home to most of them for the first time the reality of the British Empire. "We have naturally been accustomed to regard our own country as the greatest in the world. But outside it we found our language useless. Yours is universal." A very interesting and lucid chapter on the past and present of China starts out by an expression of mild astonishment that thirty years ago England did not utilise her opportunities to annex the whole Chinese Empire. In those days China "lay a helpless prey to any strong nation that placed aggrandisement before the claims of abstract justice," and Capt. Casserly advances some very good reasons in support of his belief that what we had done in India we could have done in China.

"The Nation's Need." Edited by Spenser Wilkinson. London: Constable. 1903. 6s.

This book is a collection of essays by well-known writers on education contributed by them under Mr. Spenser Wilkinson's superintendence for the "Morning Post". Its object is to give

a comprehensive account of existing English education from the primary school to the University, and the special colleges in which young men are trained for the national services. The purpose lying behind this is to show the necessity for the systematic organisation of our educational resources so as to bring them up to the level of modern requirements. We are not so far behind our Continental and American rivals in some educational matters as we have often of late been made to suppose; but in certain respects we have much to gain by being familiar with their views and adapting them for our own practice. What are our advantages and disadvantages a review such as that given here explains; and not only professional educationists who are interested in technical matters of education, but parents who are desirous of studying educational questions for the sake of their children will find much worthy of their attention in these essays.

"The Natural History of Animals." Vols. III. and IV. By J. R. Ainsworth Davis. London: The Gresham Publishing Company. 1903.

It is not quite easy to see for whom this book is designed. Its get up, the popular nature of the very numerous illustrations suggest that it is designed for the young. Its very technical language and its scientific scheme suggest a more ambitious aim. But for whom is such information as this designed: "Some marine birds are pelagic in habit—that is to say, are found far from land, where they play havoc among the finny tribes"? It should be possible to write either scientific or popular works for children or students, without so offending against the elements of style. However the pictures would no doubt amuse and it may be instruct small children. The third volume for example opens with a splendid coloured picture of kingfishers with "alcado Ispida" in brackets beneath. It stands as a type of the unfortunate compromise between the popular and the scientific.

"Stevensoniana." By J. A. Hammerton. London: Grant Richards. 1903. 12s. 6d.

The book is described as a miscellany of anecdote and criticism and is intended to group together all that of Stevenson's life which escaped or was excluded by the established biographers. In fact the book is a tissue of snippets collected with immense trouble from newspapers and books, which have been slung together, in the first part of the book chronologically, to illustrate the life, in the second critically to describe the man. The book would certainly be of value to anyone meditating a life of Stevenson; it would save much research; but a large number of the quotations are wholly otiose; and we are sorry to see long excerpts from Mr. Henley's last article. At the moment few will be grateful for the book; but it is likely that some day some student will sincerely thank the long labour of Mr. Hammerton.

"A Book of Golf." The Athletic Library. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1903.

All the books of this series, edited by Mr. E. F. Benson and the almost inevitable Mr. Eustace Miles, keep very close to their thesis. They set out to teach and that is all. "Golf" is perhaps the best that has been published. Mr. Bramston has the theory of his practice and writes pleasantly, without too much of the sporting idiom, clearly enough to inform the beginner and thoroughly enough to help the student. It is curious to compare his work with Braid's, whose practice is very far in front of his power of expression. It is interesting however to see that he urges the same "grip"—in which the fingers are interlocked—as Vardon and Taylor. The third contributor is Mr. Horace Hutchinson, perhaps the most pleasant writer on the spirit of games that we have. The book is in such type as could be read across a green.

"Athletic and Outdoor Sports for Women." Edited by L. E. Hall. London: Macmillan. 1903. 6s.

Any work that encourages out-of-door sports for women is to be encouraged and the very sensible introduction to this book suggested that "a felt want had been supplied". But at least half the book is utterly useless. The separate games are taken

(Continued on page 244.)

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in order—and they include "track" athletics and basket-ball—and are separately treated in didactic vein by several writers. The space is always too short (though we would except the chapter on physical training at home) to make the advice of any value to a player and some chapters such as that on hockey are miserably slurred. A certain amount also only applies to American games. It is almost an insult to talk of an outtrigger as a barge and we cannot consider "basket-ball" either popular or interesting.

"North-West and North." By Stanley Lane-Poole. London: Simpkin Marshall. 1903. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Stanley Lane-Poole seems to have been led into these brief studies of Western Ireland and of Yorkshire by the force of a sort of holiday freedom: the Kelt and his country was a refreshing contrast to the Eastern haunts in which Mr. Lane-Poole's thoughts, by desire and duty, habitually dwell. He would seem half to hope half to fear that others may be induced by these sketches to double his pleasure in the districts by sharing it. What effect they may have on the tourist we would not risk conjecture; but we have seldom read any sketches of places and people touched with a finer sympathy and spoken in cleaner phrase.

"Cricket across the Seas." By P. F. Warner. London: Longmans. 1903.

Mr. Warner's plain, almost ingenuous account of his team's tour in New Zealand and Australia has an additional interest from his coming visit to Australia as an international captain. He was certainly most successful as captain when he was Lord Hawke's substitute, and the account of the tour proves—in spite of the one quarrel in New Zealand—that off the field at any rate he has many of the capacities of the born captain. The account of the New Zealand cricket is much the more interesting perhaps because the game was played less strictly and Mr. Warner's capacity does not rise to the point of giving any literary excitement to the description of a genuine match.

"The Temple Autobiographies" have opened with the most typical of all, the "Life of Benvenuto Cellini told by himself". There is nothing to compare with it for naïf self-revelation, except perhaps Pepys' Diary; and Cellini, who in his time played the parts of jeweller, goldsmith, sculptor, musician, writer, soldier, duellist, sportsman, and many besides, in a time of stress, had a wealth of adventure which did not hang round the Admiralty official. We have been accustomed to read the book in an old pocket edition of villainous type, and the change to this clear clean firm print is a felt cause for gratitude. The introduction by Anne Macdonald has not the prevalent fault of excessive bulkiness: but it is full of stuff and the correction of the error concerning Cellini's portrait—which is well reproduced as frontispiece—is valuable. Such a series of autobiographies was attempted some eighty years ago; and one may hope that the popularity of this most delightful sub-department of literature will ensure to this series a success which was missed in the past.

We have received further volumes of several books previously reviewed: "Tales from Shakespeare" and "Stories for Children" from Dent's new edition of Charles Lamb, edited by Mr. William Macdonald; and the second volume of "A History of Ottoman Poetry" written by the late Mr. E. S. W. Gibb and published by Luzac. The same publisher has just issued in two parts the second volume of Mr. Wallis' translation of "The Histories of Rabban Hormizd, the Persian, and Rabban Bar'idā". How Thoreau would have enjoyed this series of Semitic texts and translations! Many would supply admirable material for popular reading. We are glad to see that among the series of University manuals Murray has published a reprint of that admirable book, "The English Novel", by Raleigh.

THEOLOGY.

"University and other Sermons." By Mandell Creighton. Edited by Louise Creighton. London: Longmans. 1903. 5s. net.

"The Mind of Christ." By S. A. Alexander. London: Murray. 1903. 6s. net.

These two volumes are of widely different characters. The chief thing that strikes us about the first is its extraordinary ability. We are aware that this is by no means the highest compliment that can be paid to such a book; it would be higher if we forgot its ability in its solemnity and power, in the way it affected us and taught us. And there is real religious earnestness in Bishop Creighton's sermons, and much valuable instruction. But still it is not these that impress us most; we put the book down rather with the feeling of how clever the writer is; he knows how to preach on the most varied occasions and subjects, and he is equally good on all; he always says the right thing in the right place; he always is worthy of the occasion; he has curious felicity of expression. To say this may not be the highest praise, but it is assuredly high.

Mr. Alexander's volume is a handsome book: the binding is good, the printing clear, the paper stout, and the margins wide; and beyond this we cannot say much. It is a series of ordinary sermons in flowery language; they are not only short (which in itself is no drawback) but they are slight. There is no grit in them, no power of getting down into the heart of a difficulty. The author, for instance, placidly assures us that "Biblical criticism has no bearing upon the person of Christ", as if the warmth with which critical controversies were carried on were not largely due to the fact that both sides feel that their views have a great deal of bearing thereon; the writers in the "Encyclopædia Biblica" would hardly subscribe to the views as to the person of Christ maintained in Dr. Liddon's Bampton Lectures. There is danger in an easy flowing style; words take the place of things and pictures of arguments. There can be platitudes in thought even when the writer is too cultivated to retail the ordinary platitudes in language; and Mr. Alexander has not escaped from these.

"Reunion Essays." By W. R. Carson. London: Longmans. 1903. 6s. 6d. net.

The Roman Church is supposed by those who do not read its current literature to be a restful home for souls weary of controversy. In fact, it is a singularly distracted society, and one whose members, having only of late been permitted to dispute in public, have not yet learned the art of arguing with good humour. Mr. Carson, who prides himself on being a disciple of Cardinal Newman, has expended much labour upon mastering Anglican theology and metaphysical and scientific literature with the purpose of showing that the Roman position is philosophically sound and that the current prejudices against it are unreasonable. He does this by resolutely minimising what seem to outsiders the prominent characteristics of his Church. Infallibility is carefully guarded and limited; a wise precaution since Archbishop Benson's famous retort that he was glad infallibility had given its reasons retains its point so long as it is uncertain how far the claim may extend. Mr. Carson allows only two instances of the exercise of the gift in the whole of Papal history, the Tome of S. Leo and the dogma of 1854, and he accepts them because of the consensus of theologians, themselves fallible, in their favour. He also has an argument, not much more satisfactory than those of Henry Drummond, for evolution on behalf of the legitimacy of the line along which his communion has developed. But the bulk of his book is taken up with explanations, which explain away a good deal that most of his colleagues would desire to retain, and with concessions which tend to satisfy us with our own position. The English Archbishops, we are told, got the better of the Pope in the debate on Anglican Orders, and the reply of Cardinal Vaughan was "a singularly weak and inept piece of special pleading". The words, though Mr. Carson is usually courteous in his language, are typical of the spirit of his book. It is a protest against a dominant majority within his Church as well as an appeal to those, a far smaller number than he imagines, who might be inclined to reinforce him from without. It is evident that his own reason and affections are satisfied where he is; but an Anglican who came in his spirit to the doors of Rome would assuredly find a cold reception. As a weapon of controversy the book is not formidable, but is written with candour and ability and deserves to be read for the insight it gives into an alien mode of thought. Most Englishmen are as little affected by such reasoning as Mr. Carson's as he would be by Dr. Salmon's "Infallibility of the Church".

"Liberal Judaism: an Essay." By Claude G. Montefiore. London: Macmillan; New York: the Macmillan Co. 1903. 3s. net.

If a Jew is "liberal" in his theology, how far may he claim to believe in Judaism? If he is as liberal as Mr. Montefiore, his claims cannot go very far. Liberal Judaism must live, he tells us, without miracles; it denies to the Old Testament any special inspiration and allows the highest commands of the law and the prophets to be divine only because they are good; it repudiates the doctrine of a devil and regards the conception of a fall as at variance with what we know of human development; the dietary laws of the Pentateuch are no longer binding; the belief in a bodily resurrection is given up; and, most momentous of all, "the whole doctrine of the Messiah no longer concerns our religious life and aspirations". Liberal Judaism therefore does not seem to mean more than assent to a certain residuum of religious beliefs held in common by various bodies, a sort of rather vague Theism; and if this is so, it might naturally be asked "where is the need of Judaism as a separate religion at all?" This Mr. Montefiore would answer by urging the value of separate religious bodies; though they hold in the main the same views yet each lays stress on some particular aspect of the truth; while again Judaism is historically prior to the various Unitarian bodies which were developments of or recoils from Christianity. But still it is principally to sentimental and national motives that he appeals when he begs his fellow Jews not to forsake their religion; there seems no reason in the nature of things why they should cling to it. There is no doubt that spite of his liberalism Mr. Montefiore is

a staunch Jew and a deeply religious man; but we very much doubt whether Judaism could concede all that he concedes and yet remain for long what he wishes it to be.

"National Duties, and other Sermons and Addresses." By James Martineau. London: Longmans. 1903. 6s. net.

No reputation has increased more steadily than that of Dr. Martineau, and the present posthumous volume will add to it. Though his teaching was defective in certain most important respects, his genius for religion has enabled him to build up from his imperfect data a singularly impressive system of Christian ethics and to recommend it by the most forcible appeals to Christian emotions. It is strange to reflect that while Newman was still Vicar of St. Mary's Martineau was preaching in obscurity at Liverpool sermons worthy to rank with his; and it is humiliating to compare these addresses, undiminished in their vitality by the lapse of time, with the fashionable preaching of our Church at that day. The sermons in this book deal for the most part with those broad social and national problems in which such teaching as his is at its best. Much that we might wish were there is absent, but all that we find is full of vigorous and profoundly Christian thought. One sermon especially, that on the Right of War, preached in the Crimean time, is a noble exposition, not inferior to the classical treatment of the subject in the letter of Maurice to his son.

"The Shepherd of Hermas." Vol. I. By C. Taylor. London: S.P.C.K. 1903. 1s. 6d.

The Master of S. John's is one of the most learned of English divines, and perhaps the most ingenious. It may be doubted whether he has been wise in importing some of his speculations, hitherto buried in learned journals, into an English translation of the work to which they relate. It is done modestly and they are clearly put, but the reader is not likely to know that they have failed to gain a general acceptance. But at the worst they do nothing to lessen the interest or the value of the book, which is amply supplied with sound information concerning Hermas and his thoughts. That artless allegorist, the first Christian to attempt a work of imagination, deserved to be translated once more, not merely as one of the curiosities of Christian literature but for his own primitive sincerity and simplicity.

For This Week's Books see page 246.

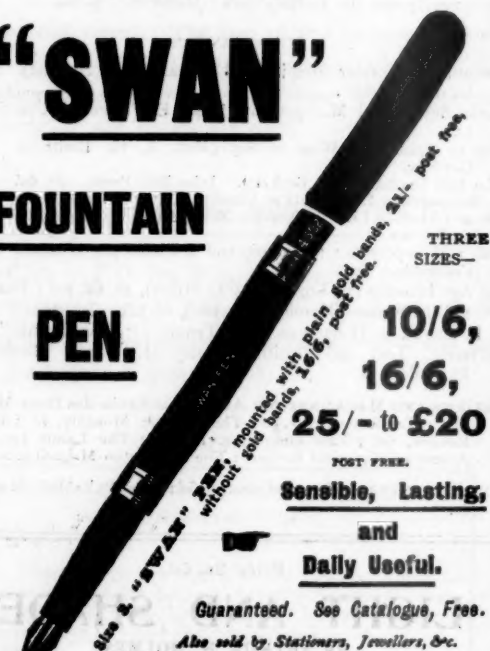
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From the Directors' June Report.

From	Gold Recovered.		FINE GOLD.	
	Total.	Per ton milled.	Total.	Per ton milled.
	Ozs.	Dwts.	Ozs.	Dwts.
Mill	9,687'22	10'735	8,472'600	9'389
Tailings	3,543'23	3'927	2,007'731	3'222
Own Concentrates ..	740'65	0'821	703'475	0'780
Slimes	—	—	—	—
Total from own Ore ..	13,971'10	15'483	12,083'826	13'101
Purchased Concentrates	1,102'51	—	1,047'180	—
	15,073'61	—	13,130'986	—

Expenditure and Revenue.

135 Stamps crushed 18,047 tons.

	EXPENDITURE.		Per ton milled.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Mining Account (including Maintenance) ..	9,867	6 9	0 10 11'222	
Milling Account (including Maintenance) ..	3,157	1 9	0 3 5'084	
Vanning Account (including Maintenance) ..	214	4 3	0 0 2'849	
Cyaniding and Chlorination Accounts (including Maintenance) ..	2,761	1 3	0 3 0'718	
General Maintenance Account ..	80	13 0	0 0 1'073	
General Charges ..	694	13 4	0 0 9'238	
	16,775	0 4	0 18 7'084	
Development Account ..	1,898	1 3	0 8 1'243	
Machinery, Plant and Buildings ..	141	6 3	0 0 1'579	
	18,814	7 10	1 0 10'225	
Profit on Working ..	33,513	15 11	1 17 1'754	
	52,333	3 9	2 17 11'959	

REVENUE.

			Per ton milled.	
	£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Gold Accounts—				
From Mill	35,590	19 4	1 19 4'798	
From Tailings	12,183	16 6	0 13 6'028	
From own Concentrates ..	2,953	16 5	0 3 3'282	
	50,688	12 3	2 16 2'088	
Sundry Revenue—				
Rents, estimate of Interest on Cash on hand and Profits on Purchased Concentrates ..	1,644	11 6	0 1 9'871	
	52,333	3 9	2 17 11'959	

No provision has been made in the above Account for payment of the 10 per cent.
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